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THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

THE 'Little World War' in Spain, now nearing its anniversary, holds the center of the international stage so securely that it is seldom supplanted for more than a day. In our group headed 'Spanish Mosaic' we emphasize the diversity of races and aims which has caused the tragic struggle in Spain to receive its sobriquet.

AS WE go to press, General Mola's forces seem to have Bilbao in their grasp. If the Basques remain firm in their determination not to accept a separate peace, our first article, 'Euzkadi—Land of the Basques,' may have to serve as an obituary for the heroic little people. Paul Werner, the Swiss correspondent who writes about the mysterious Basques, has known them in both peace and war, but he has not permitted his admiration and sympathy for them to obscure his judgment of their extremely difficult position. [p. 290]

IF THE Insurgents take Bilbao, they will turn their attention to Catalonia. In the February issue of THE LIVING AGE there appeared an account of Barcelona's strangely uncoöperative attitude toward the Loyalist cause by Cyril Connolly. That story is now continued by E. Allison Peers, author of *The Spanish Tragedy, 1930–1936*. In his article on 'Catalonia Under Arms' Professor Peers discusses the stresses and strains on Catalan unity that may result in a Loyalist defeat. [p. 294]

ONE of the most interesting documents to come out of the civil war is the diary of 'A Blackshirt in Spain,' which was found on the body of an Italian volunteer officer who was killed at Brihuega on March 10. Despite its source, the Communist *Mundo Obrero* of Madrid, it shows no signs of tampering and rings true from beginning to end. [p. 299]

THE last item in our Spanish group is a satire, in which the witty French journalist Tréno pokes fun at the Non-Intervention Committee. The feud that has persisted for more than six months between Maisky, the Soviet Delegate, and the German and Italian brothers-in-diplomacy, von Ribbentrop and Grandi, is neatly dramatized, although Maisky has scarcely been the Caspar Milquetoast portrayed by Tréno. [p. 304]

WHETHER Mussolini really agreed at Venice to give Hitler a free hand in Danubia in return for support in Spain and the recognition of Italian priority in the Balkans is known only to those close to the two dictators. But whatever happened at Venice, the countries bordering on the Danube must be closely watched for the signs of Germany's long-presaged 'Drive to the East.' So important is this quarter in estimating the prospects for war and peace in Europe that we reprint a recent survey by R. W. Seton-Watson, who is the greatest authority on Central Europe in the English-speaking world. Dr. Seton-Watson is one of the editors of the *Slavonic and East European Review*, in which his article, 'Danger on the Danube,' appeared, and since 1923 he has been Masaryk Professor of Central European History in London University. [p. 306]

'THE Loudest Voice on Earth,' the first article in our German group, is not that of Nebraska's champion hog-caller, nor is it that of the iron-throated young Soviet officer whose orders carry throughout Moscow's Red Square during demonstrations. It is the voice of Nazi propaganda from twelve powerful short-wave stations to every part of the globe. Selkirk Panton, a British correspondent, describes his

(*Continued on page 375*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

June, 1937 *Volume 352, Number 4449*

The World Over

WHEN SQUADRONS OF BOMBERS set out for Guernica from the German air headquarters at Deva in Northern Spain on the morning of April 26th, their crews had orders to carry out the most methodical destruction of life and property since Louvain was razed in 1914. First they dropped explosive bombs to wreck the buildings in the town, then incendiary bombs to ignite the débris. The inhabitants who survived explosion and fire were then machine-gunned as they tried to escape. The purpose of this man-made visitation upon an undefended town was undoubtedly to terrorize Bilbao into surrendering. In this it failed, just as the destruction of scores of cities in the next war will fail to bring a quick victory by terrorizing the civil population. Yet the futile carnage will continue.

Public opinion in democratic countries was shocked by the Guernica horror and, in view of the evidence, repudiated General Franco's charge that the Basques had destroyed their ancient capital and murdered a thousand of their own people in order to give him a bad name. French military circles regarded the extinction of Guernica as 'an experiment in future German warfare.' In England, the London *Observer*, which has fought through thick and thin for a friendly attitude toward Germany, made this comment: 'Little doubt remains that it was the exclusive work of German airplanes and German bombs.' The *Economist*, writing more than a week after the crime, came to this conclusion: —

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Herr Hitler's first use of Germany's recovered military power has been to black out the picture of an ill-used yet patient Germany, which had been impressed on foreign minds by the statesmanship of Dr. Stresemann and Dr. Brüning, and to replace it, in a rapid series of lurid strokes, with the latterly forgotten but once familiar portrait of 'the Hun.' The Germany whom her Führer is deliberately displaying to us is no longer the Germany of the Ruhr and the Palatinate in 1923. It is the Germany of Louvain in 1914. Are the Nazis determined to force upon us the conviction that their country is incorrigible?

NOT SINCE HITLER'S ADVENT TO POWER have conditions been so favorable as at present for a constructive effort to insure peace on the Continent. It is true that nations great and small are feverishly rearming, that the Spanish situation remains dangerous and that Austria and Czechoslovakia fear Nazi aggression. Yet there is a strange but unmistakable lull in the rumors of war that were legion only three months ago. One hopeful and positive indication of this development is Count Ciano's statement that Italy would welcome the negotiation of a new Locarno pact. The key to what we have called a 'lull,' however, is Chancellor Hitler's obvious perplexity about what he shall do next. His General Staff seems to have convinced him that it is not yet prepared for a major war, and Dr. Schacht appears to have had some degree of success in urging a further exploration of peaceful means of strengthening Germany's economic position.

Will European statesmanship rise above its current mediocrity and seize what may be a fleeting opportunity to strengthen the peace structure? The initiative must come from Great Britain, and it is expected that she will propose negotiations to Germany, France and Italy soon after the conclusion of the Conference of British Premiers. The withdrawal of volunteers from Spain, and mediation between the Insurgents and the Loyalists should be agreed upon without too much difficulty. Steps have already been taken in that direction. Colonial concessions to Germany are highly improbable but economic advantages, including freer access to raw materials and markets, are certain to be offered. Chancellor Hitler may, of course, play his familiar rôle of spokesman for the aggrieved victim of Allied cupidity and injustice. If he should demand too much and refuse to pledge Germany to a restrained policy he will discover that Great Britain and France cannot be blackmailed. He will have to meet sacrifice with sacrifice, and for that reason the prospects for a satisfactory settlement are not bright. But the Führer may yet be persuaded to make his first sacrifice for the common good of Europe.

PREMIER BLUM has extended the 'breathing spell' from social and economic reform which he promised to French business on March 5th, but the Confederation of Labor, numbering more than 5,000,000 mem-

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bers, has not given him any corresponding respite. Under pressure from the Confederation the government violated at least the spirit of its promise by putting the 40-hour week into effect. Rather serious dislocation in certain industries has been the result. The government also gave in to the persistent demand of the civil servants that they be allowed to form a union, thus adding to the strength of the powerful Confederation. The Popular Front has been constantly embarrassed by 'ultimatums' from the Confederation demanding immediate reform legislation on behalf of labor and the aged, and by its leaders' agitation for the nationalization of insurance and banking and the inflationary financing of new public works. There are signs that many of the middle-class Radicals view the Confederation's extremism with misgiving, so that the Popular Front is not the happy family it was a few months ago. The tempo of reform is all-important; if too rapid it will cause the defection of the Radicals, if too slow the Confederation of Labor may take matters in its own hands and cripple industry through strikes.

ONE OF THE LEAGUE'S most worth-while activities has been its guardianship of refugees, and particularly those who have lost their nationality. Stateless White Russians, anti-Fascist Italians, anti-Nazi Germans, Armenians and others to the number of more than a million have been given protection by the famous Nansen Office for Refugees. There are on the Nansen Office rolls at the present time 445,312 Russians, 234,000 Armenians and smaller numbers of other nationalities. If a clear victory should be won in Spain by either the Loyalists or the Insurgents at least 500,000 men, women and children from the ranks of the defeated side will seek refuge in other countries. All but a few will be without means or permits to work and none will have a passport.

The need for the Nansen Office appears to be as great now as it was when it was created in 1921, yet the League has determined to close the Office on December 31, 1938, and is even now winding up its affairs. Why is this great humanitarian agency being liquidated? Because in 1928 someone, not foreseeing the depression, estimated that the refugees then on the rolls could be settled in ten years; because members of the League want its budget reduced and the subsidy to the Nansen Office discontinued; because the Soviet Government has no love for the White Russian refugees who are protected by the Office, and the Italian Government feels the same way about anti-Fascist refugees; because no government is interested in the Armenian refugees; and finally, because the League Secretariat regards the Office as 'a tiresome excrescence.'

COLONEL GENERAL GÖRING, Reich Minister of National Economy, tells undernourished German workers bluntly that their wages

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will not be raised. Premier Mussolini attempts at least partially to relieve popular distress and discontent by raising salaries and wages an average of 10 per cent. In sharp contrast with the unbending Nazis, Il Duce is more astute and resilient. He reduces wages when Pietro is submissive, and raises them when he grumbles. If it is inconvenient to raise them he puts on a show in Ethiopia or Spain and lets Pietro play a small part.

GERMANY AND POLAND keep on good terms officially, but in recent weeks tension has been growing along the frontier and skirmishes between press of the two countries has become continuous. In March, an annual festival in the little town of Grudziadz, on the frontier, was made the occasion of an anti-German demonstration. The Mayor and other orators spoke openly about 'Poland's unfulfilled obligations to her territories that are still held in captivity.' Banners exhorted the Poles in Germany to 'await patiently the moment of their deliverance.'

The German press responded immediately. The *Berliner Tageblatt* called the incident a 'crude attempt to interfere in the domestic affairs of a neighbor'; the *Völkischer Beobachter* commented sarcastically: 'Poland demands German territories. Why doesn't she ask for Berlin?' The *Börsenzeitung* was threatening: 'Polish chauvinists are playing a dangerous game; Germany should reply to this scandalous demonstration with the utmost severity.'

The Polish Government at once expressed its disapproval of the Grudziadz incident, but hinted delicately about the illegal activities of German Fascists in the Polish Corridor, which are criticized daily in the Polish press. It is claimed that hundreds of German motorists traverse the Corridor each day for the sole purpose of spreading propaganda, and that the Germans, although a minority, have succeeded in getting control of the schools and coöperatives.

SOVIET INDUSTRY is still sensitive to unfavorable influences that can safely be disregarded in other industrial countries, and Russian production is less efficient, or at least less reliable, in fact than on paper. After the record year of 1936, when the Second Five-Year Plan quotas were completed a year in advance in foodstuffs, heavy industry and railway activity, there has been a slump in production that in some lines has amounted to demoralization. Official figures for the first quarter of 1937 reveal the following deficits: coal, 4,188,000 tons; pig iron, 479,500 tons; steel ingots, 452,400 tons; rolled steel, 395,400 tons; car-loadings, 758,626; cotton goods, 60,000,000 meters; linen, 1,600,000 meters; hosiery, 4,000,000 pairs; shoes, 231,000 pairs.

These deficiencies occurred at a time when conditions were regarded

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as favorable for a record production. Raw materials and power were both plentiful; Russia's demand for consumer's goods is insatiable and the Soviet Government's ambitious development projects constantly call for the maximum production. Various explanations have been offered. The commonest is that sabotage by Trotski's agents was responsible. Unbiased critics believe that the temporary disorganization came about as the result of the elimination of hundreds of executives who were alleged to have been Trotskiists and because of the hysterical condition of countless executives and engineers who feared arrest. If the latter view is correct, then the recent 'purge' was costly; and since there will doubtless be new 'purges' from time to time, there will in each case be disastrous effects on industry.

The official Soviet interpretation, however, is very different. It is that, according to *Izvestia*, 'The successes of the fourth year of the Five-Year Plan have gone to the heads of many responsible executives, who decided to rest on their laurels.' Before accepting this explanation, we must remember that the Kremlin has often exaggerated the defects in its economic system (but never those in the Army) in order to spur officials and workers to greater effort. This method of stimulation can be detected in *Izvestia's* report that the renowned Stakhanovites—those super-workers who do four norms—are losing their élan, because in the first quarter of the year only one-half of them produced their quotas.

It is reasonable to conclude that while there was a marked decline in industrial production it was not as serious as the Soviet Government pretends.

WITHIN A FEW weeks the British Royal Commission which studied conditions in Palestine on the spot last winter is expected to make recommendations regarding the future administration of the Mandate. As soon as its report has been made public we shall expect a great sound and fury signifying disapproval from both the Zionists and the Arabs and from their respective sympathizers. So irreconcilable are the issues in the Mandate that no solution will satisfy both parties. Whether based on a 'leak' or not, it is now rumored that the Commission will take its cue from King Solomon and propose the division of Palestine into Jewish and Arab cantons, with Jerusalem remaining a neutral, sacred city under British administration.

RUMORS THAT Italy has been seeking to extend her influence across the Red Sea from her East African Empire have been abroad for some time. It has even been said that Il Duce has won far-reaching concessions from the Imam Yehia of Yemen, whose terraced mountains produce the only true Mocha coffee, and whose southern province threatens

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the British base at Aden. While it can be assumed that Italy now looks upon the Red Sea as a second 'mare nostrum,' and will neglect no opportunity to advance her interests in that region, her every move is watched with the greatest suspicion by Ibn Saud, King of the desert Arabs.

Ibn Saud is well-informed about foreign intrigues and numbers among his advisers that devout Moslem, H. St. John B. Philby, explorer and author of *The Empty Quarter*. As the Wahabi monarch is a friend of the Imam's he may well be responsible for the latter's recent orders that foreigners found to be involved in intrigue shall be expelled and that Yemenites collaborating with them shall be sentenced to life-long forced labor or executed. As the British have no desire to see Italian influence jump the Red Sea, British intelligence is no doubt being made available to the Arab rulers.

NEWS THAT THE JAPANESE garrison in Tientsin has taken over the direct control of all Japanese economic activities in North China and that the Kodama Economic Mission to Shanghai and Nanking has failed only emphasizes the fact that Japan cannot make up her two minds about coöperation with China. Foreign Minister Sato, the liberals and the business interests which sent out the Kodama Mission are sincere in their wish to abandon the aggressive policy which Japan has pursued toward China since 1931. They heed the warning of Seiji Yoshida, Mitsubishi representative in China and Chairman of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai, that the Chinese are no longer 'incohesive like a tray of sand, but are hardening into cement' because of Japanese aggression. And they believe that Japan's best interests will be served by treating China as an equal. The Army, however, shows no signs of a conversion to this view and daily strengthens its grip on North China.

While some Chinese writers make the absurd demand that Manchuria and Jehol shall be restored to Nanking, it appears that the retirement of Japanese forces beyond the Great Wall is the *sine qua non* for genuine economic coöperation between the two countries. We do not believe that the Kwantung Army leaders will ever agree to that, or even surrender peacefully any of the advantages they have seized in North China. The result is a deadlock that is likely to endure for a long time, and one that will be broken only by war or by the unexpected overthrow of the military dictatorship in Tokyo.

IN JAPAN, the elections of April 30th, changed nothing. The Premier, General Hayashi, ignored his repudiation at the polls and began setting up administrative bureaus that are to control the country's policy

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independently of Parliament. Shrewdly he increased the wages of the Army, Navy and railroad workers by 20 per cent to meet the 30 per cent rise in the cost of living since March, 1936. The civilian population was not so fortunate and labor disputes are twice as numerous as last year.

A DISCIPLINED AND HARDY PEOPLE, low wages, long hours and efficient factories enable Japanese industry to compete successfully in foreign markets despite high tariff walls. Although Japan's exacting factory system has been running at high speed for less than a decade, the effects of strain on the workers are beginning to cause alarm. We quote an editorial from the *Japanese Weekly Chronicle:*—

> There is some hope of a 12-hour day. Osaka factory statistics recently revealed that in a few works a 19-hour day is now customary, while the majority run to 16-hour schedule. The Home Ministry is now taking notice of this tendency to sweat the labor, and is alarmed at the quite evident decline in workers' health. Conscription examinations show that the physique of primary-school graduates passing direct into industry is markedly inferior to that of those who have continued their education, while the increase in factory accidents testifies to the strain imposed by long hours. In 1933 industrial accidents brought death to 354 workers, and injuries to 41,549. In 1934 the figures jumped to 621 dead and 56,618 injured. No later official figures are available, but it is known there has been a still more alarming increase.

CERTAIN JAPANESE CIRCLES are concerned over the energy with which Great Britain is strengthening her defenses at Hong Kong and the activity of British interests in South China. The *Nippo*, a Japanese paper published in Shanghai has denounced Great Britain's 'monopolistic grip' on South China as 'a distinct threat to the peace of the Orient;' the *Shanghai Mainichi* advises Britain 'to make Japan the watch-dog of her interests in China!'

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Here we travel the periphery of the Spanish Civil War: articles on the heroic Basques and the factious Catalans; the diary of an Italian volunteer officer; a travesty on the London Non-Intervention Committee.

Spanish Mosaic

I. Euzkadi—Land of the Basques

By Paul Werner

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly

In THE far north of Spain where the landscape begins to take on a Central European aspect, where wide valleys and wooded hills merge, where men work in the mines, and where plain farmers with simple ploughs till the same soil for generations—there is the country of the Basques. The sky hangs heavy and gray over the land; the climate is ill-tempered and only for a few months in the year are the people whose homeland this is greeted by the rays of the sun. The sky and the earth, nature and isolation from the hinterland have given the inhabitants of this region characteristics which are fundamentally different from those of the Spaniards. These men are comparable to the Swiss mountaineers; somehow they are surly, aloof, honest. They love and honor their homeland with a devotion which one finds only in a people who have lived on the same soil for centuries and who have grown roots in it.

No other country in the world holds the traditions of its forefathers so sacred as Euzkadi, as the Basques call their land. For thousands of years the people have preserved their national characteristics and their language. The Basque is no Spaniard; his powerful physique alone distinguishes him clearly from his Spanish neighbors. He is just as little a Spaniard as his brothers who live in the Southwestern corner of France are Frenchmen in any other than the political sense.

The Basques with their mysterious language and their obscure past are one of the greatest unsolved puzzles

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of ethnology. This tribe, living within the Roman linguistic domains, speaks a language—Euskara—which differs fundamentally from all other European tongues, a language whose structure and illogical grammar reminds one of German. None of the many scholars who have specialized in the Basque problem has yet succeeded in clearing up the past of this people. The only established fact is that the region today inhabited by Basques was already inhabited by them thousands of years ago. Whence they originally came can only be surmised, but not proved. Their ancestors were not a warlike people nor did they ever show ambitions for conquest. Never have they expanded beyond their own natural borders. Peaceful and self-reliant, they governed themselves as far back as their history can be traced by unwritten, democratic laws.

When Christianity began its triumphant course around the world, the Basques included as one of the basic elements of their democracy the fundamental tenets of this religion: humanity, charity and mercy. Thus it has remained to the present day, and nowhere in the countries of our great earth has Christianity in the form of Roman Catholicism remained so much alive as in Euzkadi. None of the people with whom I talked in the Basque villages had ever laid hands upon a book that had not been explicitly recommended by the village priest. Yet the devoutness of the Basques is different from that of the Spaniards. Because they live in another climate, and the burning sun from a burnished sky does not make them frivolous and superficial, they have been better able to understand and digest the doctrines of Christ. They are more sincere in their belief, and their devotion finds expression not merely in church but also in their entire way of life.

In the ancient little village of Guernica, near Bilbao, there is a sacred oak under which the Basque elders have met for hundreds of years. There I saw the President take the oath of his forefathers when the Basques again proclaimed their freedom. The President gave me a dried leaf from this tree with the words: 'God keeps watch over your Switzerland and our Basque country; if we remain a good people he will never let us perish.'

No other people has an organization so close to the Swiss conception of the State as the Basques. Most of us know that Switzerland took over the form of her Constitution from the United States; but few know that the 18th century Americans on their part turned to the traditional laws of the Basques. The old Basque country, too, was a confederacy of independent cantons, though these units were called by a different name. As early as the ninth century these cantons existed in approximately their present-day outlines and each of them had its own laws. They were each ruled by a 'Sire,' a kind of Prince, and all were obligated to give armed help to any canton should it be attacked by an enemy from outside. If, however, one of these 'Sires' wanted to jump at his neighbor's throat, he had to do it on his own account and risk.

Three of these cantons lay north of the Pyrenees and were finally annexed by France in 1789; and the other provinces Alava, Guipuzcoa, Navarra and Vizcaya for centuries enjoyed autonomy under the sovereignty of Spain. But in 1839 they were deprived of their autonomous status as a result

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of the lost Carlist War, and came under the direct authority of Madrid.

At the Punto de Campanza, near the village of Elgueta, I found during the present Civil War a cross in memory of that earlier civil war. Was it chance or was it symbolic? The front followed almost exactly that other one of a hundred years ago, to the memory of which the stone cross had been erected.

Alien people with alien customs arrived and forced their will and their habits upon the free men of Euzkadi. The Basques did not forget it through the many years and the Spaniards have remained alien invaders to the Basques up to the present day. No Basque will ever say: 'I am a Spaniard,' but always: 'I am a Basque.' If the Basques in recent months have fought on the side of the Loyalists and for the idea of democracy and liberty as they are understood in Valencia and Barcelona, it is solely in the interest of the Basque country and because the Spanish Loyalist Government has given them back their autonomous status. The latter was granted only under pressure, however, after San Sebastian was abandoned by the Basques.

II

Only against this background can we understand why the Basques are fighting against Fascism—Fascism which with its All-Spanish aspirations wants to deny them their newly-won rights. Only in considering these circumstances can we understand why the devoutly Roman Catholic Basques and the anti-Catholic Communist and Anarchist trade unions are struggling side by side. This 'brothers-in-arms' business is very illogical. Sooner or later it must necessarily lead to an explosion. I felt the irony of it in observing Basques in the front line wearing a Cross or a Swastika—the Basque Swastika is ancient and has nothing to do with National Socialism—while 150 feet behind them was a unit of Communists with the Hammer and Sickle.

Basque separatism aiming at complete independence never quite disappeared during the past hundred years. After the sad end of the Carlist War, however, there was a period in which Basque aspirations seemed to have been silenced forever. Then, in the nineties, Luis de Araña-Goin, a leader inspired by high ideals, succeeded in reawakening the Basque Provinces, but he was assassinated by an alien in 1903, when only thirty-eight years of age. His brother carried on his struggle to liberate the Basques, and today Euzkadi has regained what seems to be a very precarious autonomy.

Don José Antonio de Aguirre stands at the head of this people who yearn for freedom and democracy. He is only thirty-two years of age. One of his first acts in the inhuman Civil War was to liberate almost two hundred imprisoned women and children. Aguirre is a democrat and a Catholic to the core. He is quite aware of the terrible dangers the Civil War holds for the new freedom of his people, but in reply to my question about what the Basques would do in the event of an Insurgent victory, he answered me evasively. Only after a pause did he reply solemnly and seriously that General Franco would first have to kill 70,000 young Basques who would defend the soil of their fathers to the last drop of blood.

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It is interesting to note that President Aguirre is determined to sever his country from Spanish Catholicism, which he accuses of being extremely reactionary. Those who have too much money in Spain, he said, turn their backs on all progress and that, unfortunately, was also true of the Catholic Church in Spain. It had identified itself with the feudal aristocracy to which the higher clergy actually belonged.

In the Basque Cabinet there are at present ten Ministers; the Nationalists, to whom the President himself belongs, number about half of them. Three Ministers are Socialists, one is a Communist, another represents the 'Nationalist Action,' a Basque movement with a strong Fascist tendency; two other Ministers represent splinter parties. Despite this composition the work of the Cabinet follows a program suggested by the Nationalists —at least in theory. This program provides for far-reaching economic reforms that are to be financed with the help of the savings in the Basque banks which amount to approximately 1 billion gold francs.

The Basques are industrious and efficient and the notorious illiteracy of Spain is here at its lowest. Their social stratification, too, is much less rigid than in Spain proper, and there is a strong middle-class. In the Basque districts which belong to France the situation is similar. I asked the President how this French part of the Basque country fitted into Basque ambitions for independence, but he merely said that 'absolute freedom has its epochs.'

The four Basque Provinces in Spain together have a population of about 1,800,000. In France there are approximately 200,000 Basques. But only Vizcaya and Guipuzcoa are purely Basque. Navarra and Alava have been strongly influenced by Spanish culture, so that a poll would hardly show a majority for an independent Basque State. During the Civil War Navarra particularly seems to have been almost a stronghold of Spanish Fascism in its present form. On the other hand it is doubtful whether a Basque State consisting only of the two former provinces could be viable, for the entire economy of this region is heavily dependent on Spain.

Separation of Spain and Euzkadi would inevitably create tariff barriers and spell ruin to the Basque mining industry. Moreover, the Basque country is unable to feed itself. Wheat, fat and oil, even meat has to be imported from Asturias and Galicia. Naturally the leaders of the liberation movement have already concerned themselves with this problem, but they seem to be under the illusion that even if there were a complete severing of the Basque country from Spain, its economic relations could be maintained in their old form. It is difficult for a stranger to believe that.

The Basques are orderly, patriotic and highly idealistic. They are tough and determined; they will surmount any reasonable obstacles because they stand on the soil of their ancestors and because they are fighting for their past and their future. Theirs is a special spirit. I observed that with my own eyes. And because I observed them I know that Franco will have a stiff fight before he overcomes them. They will be harder to conquer than the Catalans. Despite this fact I believe in his victory over the Basques

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because they cannot hold out forever against a blockade by land and sea. But much blood will flow and many young people will die unless some outside authority finally finds the courage and strength to bring to an end the dreadful misery to which these people are subjected.

II. Catalonia Under Arms

By E. Allison Peers

From the *Contemporary Review*, London Topical Monthly

SOONER or later, far distant as that event may seem at the moment, the Civil War in Spain must come to an end; and either the end itself, or the beginning of the end, is likely to come in Catalonia. If, with Madrid taken, the armies of General Franco push eastward, it seems probable that the first effective resistance with which they will meet beyond the capital will be on the border of that region which has most to lose in the event of his victory—the one region which was given home rule by the Second Republic. If, on the other hand, the Valencia Government is going to turn continual disaster and apparent defeat into eventual victory, this will be attributable in great part to Barcelona. For since, after a two-day struggle, the rebellious Barcelona garrisons were put down in July, 1936, and the 'proletarian revolution' which had been rehearsed so often under the Republic was consummated, the factories of the largest city in Spain have been continuously employed in the production of war material, and no other city can be working so feverishly and so effectively to this end.

The seizure of power in Catalonia by the Workers' Unions and the creation of a collectivist State, almost independent of the rest of Red Spain, are by now matters of common knowledge. The purpose of this article is to trace the history of Catalonia since the capture of Malaga by the Nationalists on February 8 and to show how this—one of the most important events of the war—has modified the temper of the Catalan people.

Why, it may well be asked, should the fall of a city on the south coast of Spain have any great effect upon a quasi-independent State in the north-east? Why Malaga? Why not Badajoz, Irun, San Sebastian or Toledo? Partly because the capture of Malaga is of far greater consequence than that of the foregoing: it is both a larger city in itself and of greater importance in that its possession gives the Nationalists a more effective control of the Mediterranean. But partly also because the attitude of the Valencia Government to its numerous defeats changed with the loss of Malaga. Previously it had said nothing of disasters and done its best to hide them. On the day after the fall of Irun, the Government press communiqué had simply remarked that the enemy were 'attempting' to take the town, but that their attacks were 'shattered by the courage of the loyal troops.' On the day after the fall of Toledo, the official report ran: 'Our troops have been obliged to give ground, which they have done in perfect order.' But on the day after the

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fall of Malaga the Government press everywhere rang with cries for new effort, denunciations of defeatist policy and demands for a more efficient prosecution of the war. And nowhere were these cries more vibrant than in Catalonia. '*Tothom al costat del Govern!*—Each and all must rally to the Government!' was the slogan of the day. 'They shall not win!' was the main headline, on February 11, of the staid old *Vanguardia*. 'Never again!' exclaimed the Socialist paper *Treball*, and other organs of the proletariat took up the cry.

'Let us hope that the fall of Malaga will give us what the people are demanding vociferously. . . . Unity, discipline, and—to the front!'—*Diario de Barcelona*, February 10, 1937.

'Even if we had lost Madrid the war would not have come to an end. We have lost Malaga, after a heroic struggle which has been the admiration of the world, and international Fascism has not abated a jot of the courage of the workers in arms.'—*Solidaritat Obrera*, February 11, 1937.

What were these things which the people were demanding with such insistence and these lessons which it was so important to learn? Principally three: unity of command; cessation of strife between the parties composing the Popular Front; and the immediate creation of one great unified, popular Catalan army.

Party unity was achieved first of the three—achieved, that is to say, as far as is ever likely to be the case when parties of absolutely antithetical ideals are collaborating. Nowhere had the strife between the four chief Left groups been fiercer than in Catalonia, for here not only were both the centralizing influence of Soviet Russia and the strength of the decentralizing Anarcho-Syndicalist groups greater than in most parts of Spain, but the bourgeois supporters of 'pure Republicanism,' who deprecated extremism in any form, including the new collectivist State, were numerous, though temporarily deprived of influence and power.

Time and again during the latter months of 1936 the parties had neared the condition of open warfare and their dissensions had produced one political crisis, either public or private, after another. But since the December reconstruction of the Government of the Generalitat the parties had come nearer to sinking their differences than ever before, and, two days after Malaga fell, a round-table conference between Syndicalist, Socialist, Unified Socialist and Anarchist Unions, convoked 'to study the general political and military situation in the country,' produced the following rather academic but highly significant resolution:—

'That, inasmuch as the strictest and most loyal unity is necessary among us, as also between us and the other organizations of the anti-Fascist front, we agree to ratify our unity on the basis of the pact already established between our four bodies . . . urging the Government to take the measures necessary for a rapid and definite organization of the Popular Army and to intensify war production so that the Aragonese front may speedily meet the exigencies of the moment.'

So much for the situation as between the extremist Unions. A much more serious question, however, was that of the relations between the Unions, the Esquerra (or Catalan Left Republican party), and the great mass

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of Catalan opinion, which during the seven months of extremist rule—less tolerable, thought many of them, than the seven years of monarchist dictatorship—had gradually realized that its position was becoming hopeless. Whichever side won the war, the dream of Catalonians of their country's development and prosperity under the home rule they had won for themselves was vanishing. Both General Franco and the Communists repudiated anything approaching regional autonomy; the Anarcho-Syndicalists laughed at what they called bourgeois federalism and proposed, if they triumphed, to establish a very different kind of federalism of their own. Could anything be done to bring these elements more closely together? At the least, attempts could be made.

II

The first attempt was the foundation, by the Anarcho-Syndicalist Union (C.N.T.), of a new daily 'regional organ,' written wholly in Catalan, and called *Catalunya*. This, in a country where daily papers spring up like mushrooms in a night, and are as soon forgotten, may not seem very important, but in reality it was symptomatic of a genuine rapprochement. The Anarcho-Syndicalists are easily the most important extremist force in Catalonia—both by their numbers and because they have more in common with Catalonian ideals than any other body. President Companys and his Esquerra party, since the disappearance of the Conservative Lliga Catalana, are the sole organized representatives of genuine Catalonian opinion. Each of these groups has long desired to make itself master of the other, and this seems to have been the aim of each in joining forces.

The first number of *Catalunya* appeared on February 22. It was indeed a weird medley of fervid Catalanism and ideals completely irreconcilable with those of an autonomous Catalonia. 'For anarchists,' wrote one C.N.T. official, 'there is no such thing as a native land—only the world.' Yet 'anarchism was born in Catalonia, and Barcelona is its home.' 'Long live Catalonia!' cry the headlines and the leading article of this first number. Yet, writes Federico Montseny on the front page, 'we are universalists, free from all taint of regionalism.'

What was the Catalonian in the street to make of all this, especially as this paper, which renounced age-old Catalonian ideals and employed the Catalan language to do so, bore also on its front page the image and subscription of Catalonia's President, accompanied by an article of commendation? Obviously, this was a mere emotional appeal to Catalonian sentiment which lost its force immediately one began seriously to think about it; evidently it was launched with the idea and hope that Catalonia had ceased to think. For those who had not, the Generalitat issued an imposing communiqué at the end of the same month, reporting that President Companys had urged upon it the imperative necessity for a united front both for winning the war and for 'completing the social transformation which constitutes the aspiration of our people.' It was clear that, whatever the future, unity was to be the watchword for the present.

This accomplished, the next thing was to transform the Catalan army, established in the preceding Decem-

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ber, into a genuine 'army of the people.' Within a fortnight of the loss of Malaga, the Government of the Republic had decreed the mobilization of all men belonging to the 1932–1936 classes, and throughout Catalonia, as elsewhere, the decree had been acclaimed as a 'fulfillment of the will of the people, spontaneously manifested all over loyal Spain.' But in Barcelona, at least, the popular will had outrun Governmental measures. Early in February the employees of General Motors, engaged on war production, had announced their intention of meeting daily after hours for military training. Their example was infectious. The Barcelona employees of Ford, Pirelli and Hispano-Suiza, gas and electricity workers, telegraph operators, bank clerks and all kinds of other men engaged on necessary service formed similar bands. They began their work on the third Sunday in February with parades in all the large open spaces of Barcelona, and at six o'clock on the following evening passersby were amazed to find the great Plaça de Catalunya and the center walks of the long plane-lined avenues known as the Ramblas filled with companies of workers drilling under instructors from the barracks, their total number being estimated as fifteen thousand. This was the first event of the *Setmana pro Exèrcit Popular*—a week devoted to recruiting throughout Catalonia for the 'Regular Army of the People.'

On the last day of February, a Sunday that will long be remembered, a successful week came to a grandiose climax. The daily sight of bands of eager young men training in streets and squares in order to qualify for admission to the Army of the People had been more effective than weeks of oratory. Further, the new understanding between Esquerra and Unions had resulted in the giving of a new prominence to Catalan ideals; the *bandera barrada* or striped flag of Catalonia had for a time taken the place of the Socialist and Communist red flag and the Anarchist red-and-black.

For months, Catalans who were inspired by the ideals of none of the Unions had been almost in the position of that much-talked-of but possibly fabulous 'Fifth Column,' composed of supporters of General Franco in Madrid who were reputed to be ready to rise as one body, from all parts of the capital, and slay their oppressors, upon his victorious entry. There is little doubt that had some leader in Catalonia arisen in support of genuinely Catalonian aspirations during the first seven months of the war, his fellow-countrymen would have flocked to him from all sides.

But now the symbol of Catalan liberty had been unfurled in the service of the Republic and (though the fact was not obvious) in that of the 'proletarian Revolution.' And for the first time the people responded with a single voice. 'Never until last Sunday,' remarked the Socialist organ *Las Noticias* (February 23) of the day on which the Army Week began, 'was Barcelona really moved by the war. It was not a question of isolated groups coming together. It was a meeting of the entire youth of Catalonia.'

III

What an imposing spectacle the great demonstration which closed the recruiting week must have been, only

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those familiar with Barcelona can adequately imagine. From half-past ten in the morning until a quarter to three in the afternoon the long procession, consisting chiefly of soldiers of the 'New Army,' marched through the central square of Barcelona, the Plaça de Catalunya. Flags and banners were carried aloft, together with placards bearing life-sized representations of Macia, Azaña, Largo Caballero, Companys and heroes of the war (described as the 'General Staff of the Army of Liberty'). The crowd, estimated at 300,000, lined a route over four miles long. As a climax to the review came an act of dedication, made in the presence of President Companys by the immense crowd which flocked into the Square and completely filled it.

'With today's manifestation,' said the President, 'the New Army Week comes to an end and there begins a new period of discipline, iron will and stern resolution. Victory will be ours because we will it so, because we merit it, and because fate has decided it in the name of the eternal forces of civilization and progress.

'Catalonians! Do you promise, for the honor of your regiments, to endure every sacrifice and put forth every effort in order to conquer Fascism?

'Do you promise this also for the lives and the future of your children? Do you promise it for the sake of your own dignity and of your rights as individuals and as a people?'

After each question the President paused and the great crowd sent back to him a clamorous *Sí*.

'Catalonians!' concluded the President. 'Your promise has ascended into the infinite spaces, has made itself heard throughout the world and will penetrate into the future to be judged by generations yet to come. Remember this, Catalonians! *Visca la Llibertat!*'

So, with *visques* for the Republic, for Catalonia and for the Generalitat, the demonstration came to an end. Theatrical it may perhaps sound to a soberer race, but it struck the right note, and there is no doubt that the determination of the Catalonians is firmer, and their morale higher, than at any time since the war began.

In the 'rear-guard,' too, Catalonia is preparing for more sacrifices. With the increased and increasing efficiency of the new police forces, public order has greatly improved, and a joint manifesto issued by them at the end of February not only forecast a tightening up of discipline, but revealed, by implication, a vastly healthier public spirit. Food shortage has also been taken in hand, and throughout Catalonia bread rationing came into force at the beginning of March, each person being allowed only 250 grams daily.

The progress of the Government's troops during March and early April gave an added zest to the voluntary training movement in Catalonia and the tone of letters received from Barcelona, as well as that of the press, has been much more cheerful than during the winter. Confidence in an eventual victory for the Government seems quite to have revived, especially since the defeat of the Italians on the Guadalajara front in mid-March. Only one disturbing feature has occurred—a recrudescence of that party strife which one had thought to have been more nearly under control, but which will probably reappear yet again, since the

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settlement announced on April 5 can hardly be permanent. The trouble first blazed up early in March between the Unified Socialists and the P.O.U.M. (Workers' Party of Marxist Unification), which has suffered from its supposed affiliation with the Moscow Trotskiists, and has been said, on its own part, to have done a good deal in stirring up the disaffection toward Russia which has increased during the spring.

The slightness of the new quarrel between these two parties only emphasizes the degree of tension which everyone feels to be existing. The political parties and Unions had drawn up a document renouncing the use of violence and calumny in their press and propagandist campaigns. The document, a typical gesture of the times, could have had little effect, but a sensation was caused when the Unified Socialists refused to sign it. On top of this came a much more serious crisis, which on March 26 caused the resignation of the Catalonian Government. This was due to a variant on the same theme—the continual clash between the two groups of parties with antithetical ideals, on this occasion between the Socialists and the Anarcho-Syndicalists.

For three and a half months the last Government had managed to hold together, and at first it seemed as though a slight reshuffling of portfolios would ease the difficulties. After a week had passed, however, Sr. Terradellas declared that no formula had been found and on the next day the President of the Generalitat announced that the numbers in the Cabinet had been reduced, by a combination of portfolios, from eleven to six, and that Socialists, Syndicalists and Esquerra would have exactly equal representation. There seems no guarantee in this arrangement that the rivalry will be any the less fierce, and we may certainly expect further crises before the summer.

III. A Blackshirt in Spain

Translated from the *Mundo Obrero*, Madrid Communist Daily

[*The following document was found on the body of an Italian officer who was killed on the Guadalajara Front during the Loyalists' successful counter-attack on March 10.* The Editors]

January 1—Am going to Naples and from there to Spain as a volunteer.

January 2—Arrived in Naples this morning. Bronconi has changed: he's grown too arrogant. I didn't get any satisfaction from him. There are already too many Italians in Spain—artillery, etc. I guess I shall have to serve under a colonel of the Royal Army—I, a Blackshirt of 1920!

January 3—Came to the base where I was given a post in the Royal Army. If I had known that this would happen, I would have never come here. Our enthusiasm grows less as the military demands increase.

January 4—The officers of the Royal Army openly show their contempt for the officers of the Militia. But that is an old story.

January 5—Naples is a regular

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bordello. Everybody gives commands and nobody knows anything.

January 6—Sorccia is here. From what he tells us, the Spaniards fight in a very funny manner. They stop fighting on Saturday morning and do not begin again until Monday.

January 7—An order came to leave Naples 9:40 P.M. The commander of the Naples division gives to us greetings from the Crown Prince. The *Calabria* sails slowly away from our shores bearing neither name nor flag. It is a beautiful night. Naples is far away. My heart is full of sadness. Italy, Italy, Italy! Duce, Duce!

January 8—The destroyer *Montecuccoli* is escorting us. It looks after us like a father. Daily alarms because of the ships that pass by and signal us to find out who we are. At night I feel sad. Usually the *Calabria* makes 7 knots an hour. We are making now 9 knots. We are going fast.

January 10—Little images of Christ, Holy Mary and the Holy Ghost have been distributed among the soldiers. I am deeply moved. Our soldiers are all in good spirits.

January 11—Tomorrow, if all is well, we shall be at Cadiz. There is still anxiety. After all our ship is really a pirate ship. Papa *Montecuccoli* is looking after us. We are constantly running across warships, our own and foreign ones. It is a dark sad night.

January 12—Arrived at Cadiz at 9:40. I signed up in the Spanish Falanga together with Colonel Frezza and others. The Falanga welcomed us by singing *Giovinezza*.

January 13—The General Staff in Cadiz knows as little about train schedules as I do. We were sent to the station at 6:30 A.M. and the train left at 6. Finally we left at 6 P.M. and arrived at Seville at 9. The most luxurious hotels in all Europe, the *Andalusia* and *Alfonso XIII*, were put at our disposal. Spaniards are strange people. To them war is a joke. They don't give a damn. We are the only ones who give some sort of military air to this effeminate Spain. I am disappointed in the Spanish women. They have beautiful eyes, but that is all.

January 14—Entered the 'Leone' battalion. General Gioberti is the temporary commander. The battalion is made up of natives of all the Italian provinces. Not bad material. Perhaps I may be able to whip them into shape. True, there is no adequate equipment. All the factories are in the hands of the Reds. A pretty bad situation.

January 15—I took command of my battalion and had a talk with the officers, the corporals and the troops. We shall see . . . Remini has left for Huelva. He was appointed commander instead of Bilgo, who was sent back to Italy after his unlucky retort to General Roatta. They don't like jokes here. Not a day passes without someone being arrested and put into a concentration camp. I presented the letters to General Rossi. We are leaving unexpectedly in an antediluvian train. No heat and we have to use candles. The train is as long as eternity. The locomotive begs for mercy. At last, at three o'clock in the morning it stops, sheepish and out of breath, and threatens to roll back the way it came.

January 17—At 5:30 we finally arrived at Fregenal de la Sierra (Es-

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tremadura). We have made 130 kilometers in 15 hours—a snail's pace. We are met with great rejoicing. All the houses fly Italian flags. At 3 o'clock we attend a banquet. And where do you suppose? In a hospital! Incredible! Dinner is served for sixty people. Long speeches, toasts to Italy, Il Duce and Fascism. I am quartered at the house of a Marquis whose son has been killed by the Reds. Dinner is served at 10:30. That is the custom here. Everybody eats and drinks and nobody thinks of war—but the war goes on.

January 18—There is so much friction between the Monarchists, the Carlists and the Falangists that I am sure that when the Civil War is over they will cut each others' throats. Of course they will do it in the name of Spain, unless Franco manages to put them all in jail. What fools!

January 19—The motto of the First Volunteer Division is: 'It is the will of God.' We are the new crusaders.

January 21—Colonel Balestriri has arrived. He sports 3 silver medals, 4 bronze ones and 2 military crosses.

January 24—At 10:45 the battalion was reviewed by the Colonel Balestriri. Then we proceeded to the church with music to attend the blessing of the flag, which had been presented to us by a pretty young girl. Colonel Balestriri made a speech of thanks. I really should have been the one to do it, but the weaker ones must bow before the stronger. Then a fiesta and I danced with the graceful young ladies. The Spaniards are very charming but we feel more strongly about the war than they do. They refuse to make any sacrifices. They eat and drink and think that everything is just fine. Even if somebody is shot every day, still all is well. Some of my officers are unreliable. Too many are youngsters who have had no experience and who despise everybody and everything. I have noticed with horror that people here enjoy seeing executions. This morning I witnessed a truly amazing spectacle in the church: they amused themselves by hailing Fascism and singing *O Sole Mio* at the top of their lungs while the organ was playing *Cosas de España.*

January 25—It's raining. The weather depresses me. They are trying to cheer up the officers and the soldiers; but everybody is tired. I myself need a bit of cheering up. I ought to follow the Spaniards' example—eat, drink and refuse to worry about anything. But we must defend our prestige and the name of Italy, Fascism and Mussolini. Some tanks arrived today.

January 26—There are drills in spite of the weather. I think that we will soon go into action with tanks, artillery and everything. Yesterday there was some trouble—the first incident of the kind since we came to Fregenal. A group of young idiots shouted: 'Down with Italy! Long live France and Russia!' Two of our volunteers wanted to shoot them on the spot but luckily good Italian common sense won out. They arrested them and called me. I passed them on to my good friend the lieutenant of the Militia, de Silveíra. He will do whatever is necessary. It is very probable that many of them will be shot. An effective system. If we were running this we would let them off with a dose of castor oil and a good beating.

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January 28—Two officers of the Militia were demoted for various reasons. It is strange that the only demotions occur in the Militia. The officers of the Royal Army are all heroes! Tomorrow we proceed to Malaga by train. The offensive continues. The Blackshirts seem to be in many people's way. Of course the Duce is not told anything of this and he has no idea of the pitfalls prepared for us.

January 30—Leaving at 5 although everybody had boarded the train at 2 o'clock. One ammunition car went off the rails. It is disgusting; cars are being constantly wrecked. We arrived at Montilla which is on the way to Malaga. Cacetto is drunk.

February 2—The anniversary of the Fascist Militia. General Arnaldi gave us a big dinner. He spoke about the coming drive and told me that I was to take part in the 'maneuvers.'

February 3—Now I know what awaits me. I am to command a battalion with battery and tanks. A little general in charge of a big offensive. Tomorrow we go into action. Everything is ready. But this is certainly a war for butchers. Danger lurks around every turn, in every ditch.

February 6—A terrible day. I am an old hand in the trenches but I have never seen anything like this. And they had told us it would be just like maneuvers! Cacetto went to the rear, although the battle had begun, saying that he did not feel well. The swine! He left me here alone and with a division like the Second! Infernal shooting for eleven hours. I fell down and bruised my knee. It is a terrible day. We cannot advance at all. The Reds have too many machine guns here. Our artillery goes on working but still we cannot move. They are laughing at me in the division, but four men killed and twenty-eight wounded are proof of our efforts. This is simply hell. Rivolta is on my right and Balestriri on my left. They are pushing hard but they cannot move a step, either.

February 7—The enemy has retreated but we fear a counter-attack. They are sending planes from the mountains to strafe us.

February 11—General Arnaldi threw his arms around me in a friendly manner but afterwards he stopped me and told me that my battalion does not march well. That is easy to understand—after all, we are in the mountains.

February 12—Malaga. What misery and destruction! What horror! Are all these ruins necessary? I am not feeling very well. Our General Staff is nothing but a bordello. General Arnaldi is very nice to me again.

February 14—Arrived at Fernan Nuñez at 6:30. Everybody turned out to meet us. I did not see a single pretty girl. But at least the city is quiet.

February 15—There is a decent radio here and we shall be able to listen to our own radio broadcasts. These Spanish announcers are so stupid and boastful!

February 16—Our motorcyclist playfully discharged a gun and wounded a soldier from the 4th battalion. Our own soldiers sometimes don't show much sense. Still no women—what a country!

February 19—We are still at Fernan Nuñez but I hear that we shall soon be dispatched to the Madrid front. Unless they send me more officers, I shall have trouble. Obviously the big

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shots don't give a damn. All they think about is medals and rewards and we who do all the work shall probably get nothing. That is the way things always turn out.

February 21—The war? It does not exist for the Spanish idlers and gluttons. Another festival in our honor. Disgusting! Looks as if I will be the only one to come out of this without any medals or even a *croix de guerre*. The fellows on top have plenty of those!

February 24—What a difference between us and the Royal Army! It's always the same thing. The Volunteer Militia never gets anything—never!

February 25—Frezza tells me that in a few days we shall be sent either to Madrid or Valencia. It is all the same to me. I am sick of Spain. They let others fight for them while they themselves only think of pleasure.

February 26—Somehow they managed to bring over to Spain all the bureaucracy and red tape we have at home!

February 27—I have caught a cold. Today we sent a telegram to the Duce. In about a week, the 3rd, we are going to the Madrid front.

February 28—Got a letter from father and mother. Nothing new. Got my pay for the month of January. Sent 500 lire to father, 1,000 to Jessie and 3,000 to Ticoctu. I also sent Jessie 1,000 pesetas, about 1,600 lire.

March 4—From Fernan Nuñez we go first to Siguenza. It is a small town not far from the front on the way to Madrid. We shall have to travel 3 or 4 days. We are leaving Fernan Nuñez with its pretended hospitality. The leader of the Falanga and the Captain of the People's Militia cannot do anything in spite of all their good intentions. All of these Spaniards from the South with their fat stomachs and bad morals are alike. I should like to give them all castor oil, including those fool anarchists and Falangists whose only worry is to eat and drink in the name of Spain (which has been sold to Mussolini twice over), to requisition hotels, and laugh at war. Only we Italian Fascists are fighting in earnest.

March 5—A dull journey. Nobody except me knows where we are going. I issue commands to the station masters.

March 6—Salamanca. What a dirty place! There are many soldiers wearing different uniforms. Colonel Balestriri met with an accident. He was found dead in the automobile. This upset me. Death seems to lurk everywhere.

March 7—Siguenza. Dirt and confusion. 30,000 soldiers have passed through this town in three days. It is raining. The weather is terrible. It is snowing in the mountains. Moroccans, Spaniards, Germans, Portuguese, trucks and tanks. The whole rear guard is in motion. They say that tomorrow we shall begin our offensive. I am tired and overwhelmed with work. There are two Spanish columns with us. They keep on saying 'Long live Italy!' but they do not inspire me with confidence. They look like sissies.

March 8—The drive has begun. Nobody knows anything. I do not know who will take command. They say it will be Frezza. Our objective is

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Madrid. If we could only take it immediately! I really cannot stand this much longer. The wounded have arrived. All sorts of contradictory news.

March 9—We are still without any definite news. Frezza is here. The advance continues but nobody knows anything. Some say that we have advanced 50 kilometers. Others say only 30. Innumerable trucks. Some people say that they have many cannons. Others say that they have not a single one. They are certainly putting up a good defense but we shall break through their lines and once we're through we shall have them on the run.

IV. Eavesdropping on the Diplomats

By R. Tréno

Translated from the *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris Satirical Weekly

[*This satire on the pompous proceedings of the Non-Intervention Committee is submitted by the* Canard *whose imaginary reporter had concealed himself under the table in the Locarno Room of the British Foreign Office.* The Editors]

SCENE: Room where the Non-Intervention Committee is deliberating. One of its most important sessions is going on.

Lord Plymouth, the English delegate (*opening the meeting*):—Gentlemen, today, if there is no objection, we shall take up the grave problem of the protection of whales. The race of whales, gentlemen, is being seriously menaced today and is, indeed, shaken to its very foundations. . . .

Maisky, the Russian delegate:—But, Your Excellency, what about Spain?

Lord Plymouth (*dryly*):—My dear colleague, I shall not allow you to divert me to a discussion of irrelevant matters. Again you are forgetting that this is the Non-Intervention Committee which, as its name indicates, should be the last to intervene in Spanish affairs.

Grandi, the Italian delegate:—Very good!

Von Ribbentrop, the German delegate:—Mr. Maisky has a regrettable tendency to meddle in what is none of his business.

Monteiro, the Portuguese delegate (*sourly*):—If the Soviet representative continues his dilatory tactics, I shall be obliged to ask my Government to recall me.

Corbin, the French delegate (*to Maisky*):—Come now, calm yourself. There is a time for everything.

Lord Plymouth:—As I was saying, before being so unnecessarily interrupted, the whale, a species of aquatic mammal which once was very numerous, is now rapidly disappearing. Only the other day one of them was cast up on the Spanish coast near Bilbao.

Grandi (*leaping to his feet*):—At Bilbao! To feed the Reds, eh? This is a flagrant violation of the Non-Intervention Pact. (*To Maisky*) Do you hear me, sir? The Duce will not tolerate this! Tomorrow I shall send twenty submarines to Barcelona.

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Lord Plymouth:—Calm yourself, Mr. Grandi. There was only *one* whale!

Grandi (*somewhat appeased*):—Very well. I shall send only ten submarines.

Lord Plymouth:—The committee extends to you its thanks for this proof of your willingness to coöperate.

Von Ribbentrop:—Inasmuch as the conversation has turned to Spain, I should like to state that Russian socks have been found on one of the Loyalist prisoners.

Maisky:—But I . . .

Grandi (*vehemently*):—Mr. Maisky, I shall have to ask you to retract those insulting words.

Maisky:—But I didn't say anything . . .

Grandi (*imperiously*):—Retract them anyhow. (*Maisky does so.*)

Lord Plymouth:—Now that that is settled, let us get back to our muttons, or rather, to our whales. It seems to us that a stringent control. . .

Grandi:—I must remind the noble lord that we were not to speak of control today.

Lord Plymouth (*broken-hearted*):—But it's only about fish . . .

Grandi (*not listening*):—Besides, control or no control, Italy will never agree to withdraw the volunteers she has sent to Spain.

Corbin (*rising*):—Those are grave words.

Lord Plymouth:—Inadmissible words!

Grandi (*hastily*):—I did not express myself correctly. I meant to say that Italy will not stop sending troops to Franco.

Corbin:—Ah! That's what I thought.

Lord Plymouth (*wiping his brow*):—You had me frightened for a moment, Mr. Grandi.

Grandi (*sweetly*):—Forgive me, my lord, my tongue slipped.

Maisky (*timidly*):—If I may say one word. . . .

Von Ribbentrop:—I will not tolerate this abominable provocation!

Monteiro:—What were you saying?

Maisky:—I—I didn't say anything.

Grandi (*leaping to his feet*):—I did not come here to indulge in polemics. I am leaving!

Lord Plymouth (*trying to stop him*):—But, Mr. Grandi, I beg of you, not before we have settled the question of the whales!

Grandi:—Then tell Maisky to hold his tongue.

Lord Plymouth (*severely*):—Mr. Maisky, please hold your tongue.

Corbin:—Come, my dear Maisky, you really must calm yourself. Nobody else can be heard but you!

Lord Plymouth:—This problem, I repeat, is one of extreme importance . . .

Von Ribbentrop (*who knows his parliamentary procedure*):—In that case, we shall talk about it after our Easter vacation.

Lord Plymouth (*in despair*):—But think of all the whales that will perish in the meanwhile. . . .

Corbin (*unintentionally*):—Just like any common little Spanish children.

Messrs. Grandi, von Ribbentrop and Monteiro (*rising as one man*):—That is too much!!! (*Exeunt, slamming the door.*)

Lord Plymouth (*smiling*):—Oh, well! . . . At last we can get back to our whales. As I was saying. . . . (*Exeunt Messrs. Corbin and Maisky on tiptoe while Lord Plymouth, carried away by his subject, goes on with his report.*)

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A famous expert surveys the situation in the 'Powder-Keg' quarter.

Danger *on the* Danube

By R. W. SETON-WATSON

From the *Slavonic Review*
London Political and Literary Quarterly

IN ORDER to understand the conflict of aims and interests of which the Danubian and Balkan area is the center it is necessary to consider the extent to which internal and foreign policy react upon each other in each of these countries.

It is natural to take Czechoslovakia first, because she has been most in the limelight owing to the persistent campaign in the German inspired press (there is no other) and on the German radio. The reason for this is very simple: when the proposals for a pact of non-aggression between the States of Eastern Europe broke down owing to German opposition, Czechoslovakia concluded a separate alliance with Soviet Russia, of a purely defensive character and on identical lines with the Franco-Soviet alliance, open to the adhesion of other Eastern Powers. She is therefore denounced as a spearhead of Bolshevism directed against the heart of Europe, and even as being herself a center of Bolshevism.

The campaign was opened in August, 1936, after the army maneuvers in Bohemia, when the *Berliner Tageblatt* announced that the Prague hotels were so crowded with Russian officers that it was difficult to find accommodation. It was easily proved that there were *three* Russian officers living quite openly at the Hotel Ambassador and no others at all. At the same time the Magyar revisionist press made the grotesque assertion that there were numerous Russian airdromes and 2,000 Russian air instructors in Czechoslovakia. Official denials by the President, the Premier, the Foreign Minister and others, and explicit invitations to the foreign military attachés to investigate were ignored, and on September 10 Dr. Goebbels, as Minister of Propaganda, publicly repeated these notorious falsehoods. Berlin took the singular view that no official inspection could be of any value—a view which should be borne in mind when next there is any question of German concentration camps.

The fact is that the stories are not

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believed by their authors and are simply comic to anyone with a first-hand knowledge of Czechoslovakia. But they form a necessary part of a propagandist campaign for consumption *inside* Germany, where they cannot be contradicted, and are therefore swallowed by at least a section of the population as a justification for fantastic armament. In Britain, however, impartial press reports of this propaganda have aroused a new interest, a sense that something is wrong, a sense of danger, a new vigilance.

For, after all, Czechoslovakia is no longer entirely unknown here, and it is known to be the only country east of the Rhine which has preserved the democratic system unimpaired—parliamentary government, ballot, universal suffrage, proportional representation, free elections, free press, social legislation, insurance, inspection—and possessing not only the unique example of Masaryk but the no less constructive leadership of Benes, Hodza, Krofta and other helpers of a high order. There are, then, two obvious motives for attack. The one is summed up in two sayings of Bismarck himself —'Bohemia is a fortress erected by God in the heart of Europe,' and 'The master of Bohemia is master of Europe.'

The latter is a half-truth, like Napoleon's similar phrase about Constantinople; but it might become true, if that master were to be the successor of Frederick the Great, who twice seized Bohemia for his great strategic aims on Europe, but could not hold it. If Czechoslovakia be indeed a spearhead pointed westward, she is just as much a spearhead pointed eastward; she might serve as the German route to the 'black earth' of the Ukraine and to the coveted oil-fields of Rumania. A much apter quotation for the present situation is that from a speech of President Benes last August to the Germans of Reichenberg: 'Bohemia is a solid lighthouse of democracy, and of calm progressive evolution toward a higher stage of economic and national justice in Central Europe.' And this gives the clue to the second motive. In the words of M. Carton de Wiart: '*Tout régime de force souffre du voisinage des régimes de liberté.*'

One detail is worth noting, because at first sight it might seem suspicious. Czechoslovakia is the only country where there has always been a Communist Party in Parliament—today 30 deputies out of 300 and 16 Senators out of 150. This means not that Czechoslovakia is in danger of going Communist, but, on the contrary, that it alone is so sure of itself that it has found it safe to abstain from the reactionary method of suppressing the extreme Left, as every one of its neighbors has done. Incidentally even the crisis of 1931–34 did not materially increase the Communist vote.

As part of the general picture, it must be added that for over a decade the Czech Clericals, led by that eminent churchman, Mgr. Sramek, have always formed part of the Government, and latterly a representative of the German Clericals has joined him as a Minister. At the Presidential Election of 1935 the Papal Nuncio threw the whole weight of the Vatican in favor of Dr. Benes in the belief that this would promote stability, sanity and good faith in public life. One result was that the Slovak Clerical Party (though in opposition) voted solidly for Benes—knowing also, it is true, that the existence of Slovak national-

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ity is identified with Prague rather than with Budapest, and that the defeat of Benes would be a severe blow to the Republic. The attitude of the Holy See—at a moment when the German episcopate is turning to it in fear and agony, owing to the truly *Bolshevik* attitude of National Socialism toward both the Roman and Protestant Churches of Germany—was shown by the publication on January 20 in the official *Osservatore Romano* of a photo of the gigantic Cross which is being erected in the garden of the Strahov Monastery, dominating the whole city of Prague; this is treated as a sign of blessing and protection over the new Republic.

II

There is, however, another direction in which home and foreign policy are interlocked. Czechoslovakia, although the conscious creation of the Czech national movement, is not a purely national State. It contains (in addition to very considerable Magyar and Ruthene minorities) 3,250,000 Germans—the largest group of Germans outside the German Reich, with the one exception of Austria, and also, be it noted, that section of the German people where the 'National Socialist' idea first took root as long ago as last century in Imperial Austria, under the leadership of Carl von Schönerer and Karl Hermann Wolf. It is only natural that the Reich should take a keen interest in all Germans beyond its frontier, and no one has a right to complain of its efforts to promote their cultural and spiritual needs. The new idea of *Volksgemeinschaft*, if not misused, is in itself thoroughly sympathetic. But a very different situation has arisen since the totalitarian idea, imposed upon Germany by the Nazi régime, has been transplanted to every country where Germans live, and has split each of these communities into two warring camps, which favor authoritative or free democratic institutions.

In Czechoslovakia this process was promoted by the fact that the world economic crisis reacted with peculiar severity upon the thickly populated and over-industrialized German districts, and this was still further accentuated by the autarchist system adopted by the Reich, which ruined the export trade from German Bohemia. As a result, at the general election of 1935 a new and more radical party, the Sudetendeutsche Party swept the polls and won two-thirds of the German seats (44 out of 72), as against the so-called 'Activists' (the German Agrarians, Clericals and Social Democrats), who ever since 1926 had coöperated with the Czech parliamentary majority and had been represented in successive Cabinets by two Ministers.

The new features thus introduced into the situation were (1) the claim of the Sudetendeutsche Leader to be unquestioned Führer of the Germans, yet to remain outside Parliament, thus subjecting his followers to an extra-parliamentary allegiance and challenging the whole representative system, of which the responsibility of every party leader is an integral part; and (2) his further claim that his party alone represented all the Germans of the Republic, to the complete exclusion of the Activist groups. This was a standpoint to which no democratic Government could give its assent, and though Herr Henlein was careful to

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accept the existing Czechoslovak Constitution as the basis of his agitation and in the first instance to concentrate upon the entirely legitimate field of minority grievances, the mutual distrust between him and official Prague was not dispelled. And, it should be added, the rival German Activist parties spared no effort to convince the Czechs that they would recover from their electoral reverse, and were much safer allies than the crypto-Nazi Sudetendeutsche Party. During 1936, however, and seemingly parallel with the anti-Czech campaign in the Reich, the Sudetendeutsche Party augmented its program in two very vital directions: it demanded autonomy for German Bohemia, and it demanded the abandonment of the Russo-Czechoslovak Pact.

III

It is only necessary to study a map of the racial distribution of Czechoslovakia to see that the first of these two demands is virtually impracticable; for not only do the predominantly German districts fall into four quite separate sectors, which could not be made a single unit, but it would be utterly impossible to draw a clear line of demarcation between the German and Czech districts, which flow over into each other. Indeed, it is generally held (and this was recently pointed out by the Premier, Dr. Hodza) that such a line, granted that it could be drawn at all, would leave 800,000 Germans in the Czech districts and 400,000 Czechs in the German districts. The Sudetendeutsche Party doubtless calculates that it would under such circumstances obtain a majority among the German minority, and would be able to apply 'totalitarian' methods toward its rivals; while Nazi opinion in the Reich assumes that such a solution would weaken the hold of the central authorities in Prague upon the districts essential to the strategic defenses of the State. But for that very reason purely racial autonomy is viewed with suspicion alike by all the Czech and Slovak parties and by the German Activists, whose social programs are incompatible with those of Herr Henlein. The arguments for extending the already existing administrative autonomy of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia and Ruthenia are very strong, and some such extension is likely to be made, but this is, of course, an entirely different proposition.

No less fundamental is the issue in foreign policy, for the Sudetendeutsche Party demand that the defensive alliance with Soviet Russia should be abandoned would if carried into effect involve the abandonment by France also, and in that event Czechoslovakia, left without her two major allies in Europe, would have to accept reorientation toward Berlin, and not only for herself but also for her allies of the Little Entente and Balkan League. What Herr Henlein is asking for is a complete reorientation of policy and a surrender to one of the two rival ideologies; when the Czechs show reluctance to reverse their whole post-War policy, they are denounced by Herr Goebbels and his inspired press as the willing captives of the other ideology, when all the time they ask nothing better than to be left outside both, to be allowed to work out their own problems on peaceful and democratic lines.

Amid all the sound and fury of anti-Czech propaganda there are two less disquieting features. The Prague Gov-

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ernment has calmly gone its own way, and in January, 1937, concluded a convention with its Activist allies, greatly extending the already considerable national and linguistic rights enjoyed by the Germans under the Minority Treaty of 1920. At the same time, it is well to remember that official relations between Prague and Berlin have always remained correct and friendly, and it is not impossible that the press campaign is not so much the first signal for an attack, as simply a final barrage to extract concessions, such as preceded the agreement between the Reich and Poland in January, 1934, and between the Reich and Austria in July, 1936.

Let us be quite clear about it. Czechoslovakia is strategically the keystone of the European arch, the last really free State east of the Rhine; once isolate and overthrow her and all Central and Southeastern Europe goes by the board, and the totalitarian idea, resting on Force, Armaments, *Machtpolitik* and (in economic and financial matters) 'inverted Bolshevism,' will be predominant from the North Sea and the Baltic to the Adriatic, Aegean and Euxine. There are many people in Great Britain who think that nothing east of the Rhine concerns them. Once let this landslide occur, and they will realize, too late to save their own skins, that the affairs of Europe have turned decisively against liberty and free institutions.

IV

In Hungary, though in every other respect the situation differs radically from that in Czechoslovakia, there is the same interconnection of internal and external policy, the same attempt to intrude a conflict of rival ideologies. But the death of General Gömbös, the energetic Premier whose marked sympathies for authoritarian principles never altogether overcame his respect for ancient constitutional tradition, has left a strange void in public life and a lack of leadership for which there are no precedents in Hungarian history for a century past. Count Bethlen, for ten years a virtual parliamentary dictator, is still in the background, and Dr. Eckhardt leads the Agrarian Opposition; but the new Premier, Dr. Daranyi, is still untried, though he has the reputation of an upright and cautious Conservative. The two understudies of Gömbös, Messrs. Kozma and Marton, known for their semi-Fascist predilections, have already been relegated to the background. Electoral reform, to which Gömbös stood irrevocably pledged, but which under his régime never came any nearer, seems at last to be in serious preparation—the more so as its adoption is the *sine qua non* of Agrarian coöperation, and the Government seems hardly able to dispense with that coöperation.

In foreign policy, the Government, without renouncing any of its national claims, is wise enough not to commit itself to the 'all or nothing' policy of its predecessors in the vexed question of revisionism, and realizes that the reiterated warnings of neighboring statesmen in the sense that 'revision means war' are not a mere phrase, but a basic reality. The tendency to balance between Rome and Berlin in the hope that one will outbid the other for the sake of the undoubted strategic advantages which Hungary possesses still persists, but there is a growing realization of its complete barrenness

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hitherto, and of the very real danger that it may in the end leave Hungary between the upper and the nether grindstone in a new European conflict. Moreover, deep and widespread disillusionment has been caused by the sensational article of Herr Rosenberg, the official mouthpiece of Nazi foreign policy, in the *Völkischer Beobachter* last November, expressly dissociating Germany from any desire to effect the drastic revision of Trianon. This and a similar pronouncement of the Rumanian Fascist leader, Mr. Goga, quoting the Führer's own personal and explicit disclaimer as regards Hungarian revisionism more than outweighed the revisionist phrases of the Duce at Milan.

At the same time the Nazi press has shown renewed interest in the fate of the German minority in post-War Hungary (whose Magyarization is proceeding by leaps and bounds, with the result that their numbers are officially given as 550,000 in 1920 and only 470,000 in 1930, the natural increase of 40,000 having also been lost); and anxious voices have been raised in Parliament as to the dangers which might accrue to Hungary if the Reich should swallow Austria and with it the Burgenland and then aspire to the possession of the straggling German colonies of the Hungarian plain.

In a word, there are some signs that Hungary is entering a more sober period of evolution, in which the extravagant revisionist hopes of the last ten years are seen in all their barrenness and the necessity is recognized for some kind of collaboration with the Succession States and for recognizing that the solution of the minority question does not lie in the direction of mere frontier rectification, but in establishing effective natural guarantees of racial survival. The invitation extended by Dr. Hodza to Dr. Eckhardt to visit Prague and discuss with him the means by which a rapprochement between the two nations could be reached may or may not have concrete results; it at least deserves to be chronicled as a hopeful sign, for in foreign policy Hodza (the ex-deputy of Budapest) has all Slovakia behind him, while Eckhardt is the mouthpiece of the Hungarian peasant masses.

V

In Rumania, also, home and foreign policy are closely interwoven. Though she has hitherto avoided open dictatorship, she is not a true democracy. That the decision as to which party or politicians shall govern and how long they shall remain in power should rest almost unreservedly with the Crown rather than with the people may be a necessary feature in her present evolution. But so long as the present artificial and inequitable franchise remains in force it is difficult to see how healthy political progress is possible.

For instance, it is notorious that free elections, held without terrorism or official pressure, would give the National Peasant Party an overwhelming majority, yet it is extremely doubtful whether they will be called to power. In Rumania, as in so many other countries, the bogy of Communism is a shadow on every wall, but it is only the bad administration that gives a handle to extremist agitation. In reality, the Rumanian peasant is immune from Bolshevism because of his intense devotion to the land and his knowledge of what has happened to the peasantry across his eastern

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borders. Propaganda from Russia is handicapped by the profound distrust felt for the Russians by all classes in Rumania—a distrust dating far back in history and today based on fear of Russia's expansive possibilities if, as many people now calculate, she should evolve on nationalist rather than on Communist lines.

Meanwhile a rival propaganda has begun to gain hold upon certain sections of the Rumanian population. There are 800,000 Germans in Rumania. Of these one-third are Transylvanian Saxons, who possess very old cultural traditions, rooted in the Lutheran Church and its educational system, but who have lost much of their accumulated capital owing to War, currency troubles and the world crisis; the remainder are the 'Swabian' peasantry of the Banat, who have today far more schools, newspapers and societies than they ever possessed in pre-War Hungary, but who are in some sense a chamber swept and garnished, waiting for a new tenant. Into this vacuum the ideas of *Volksgemeinschaft*, National Socialism and totalitarianism have found ready access, now separately, now inextricably blended. The result is ferment and confusion, of which an active Nazi propaganda from the Reich is taking full advantage. Simultaneously its promoters are working among the Rumanian masses and especially among the 'intellectual proletariat' of the universities, where anti-Semite views make a strong appeal, because of the acute economic and social aspects of the Jewish problem in Moldavia.

The activities of the so-called 'Iron Guard,' under its emotional leader Codreanu, who blends mystical theology with naked terrorism, first attained notoriety abroad through the murder of the Liberal Premier, Mr. Duca, in 1933. Latterly it has indulged in open threats against the King and took advantage of the funeral of two young Fascists whose bodies were brought back from Spain to organize a big demonstration in Bucharest, attended by the Ministers of Germany, Italy and Portugal. As a further hint of their aims, the leader of the Liberal students in Bucharest was nearly beaten to death, and the Rector of Jassy University was set upon by students (some theological!) and knifed.

There is every sign that such a movement, if not checked, would very speedily pass out of the control of the little Fascist political group of Cuza, an elderly anti-Semite theorist now close on 80, who has no administrative experience, and of Octavian Goga, who was once an inspired poet and would do well to return to his poetry, instead of coquetting with Hitler and Mussolini. Recent outrages have forced the Government to abandon its dangerous tactics of using the Fascist agitation as a weapon to hold the Left in check. The Crown, too, has taken alarm, and sane opinion realizes that the innermost aims of the movement are not merely to establish reactionary and totalitarian methods inside Rumania, but as a consequence to divert her from her existing alliances and force her to take sides with Germany in the 'conflict of ideologies.'

VI

Turning to Yugoslavia, we find yet another variety of State—a dictatorship which not only lacks any dictator at its head, but has for the past two

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years been engaged in cautious liquidation. The *spiritus rector* of the Regency, Prince Paul, has to contend with many blocking forces, but despite immense difficulties he has succeeded in getting rid of the Jevtić clique after the scandalous elections of May, 1935, then in purging the army of the clique that surrounds the 'Yugoslav Rivera,' General Zivković, then in slowly toning down the repressive measures of the dictatorial régime, allowing some latitude to the press and, above all, preparing the atmosphere for reconciliation with the Croats at home and with the Bulgars abroad. The critical moment has at last been reached, when Croats and Serbs must table their irreducible demands, instead of maneuvering for position as hitherto.

What renders the situation so delicate is that the federal demand is inextricably tied up with the demand for a return to constitutional and representative government. Today the two stand or fall together, and it remains to be seen whether those in power have the courage and strength to draw the logical conclusion and to abandon, or rather to reform out of existence, the mock constitution of 1931, to replace the present artificial franchise and to remove the veto upon political parties.

It is high time that this was done, for the royal dictatorship has had unexpected and disconcerting effects upon the political life of Yugoslavia. The late King's aim was to overcome the resistance of the Croat Opposition, yet today it is admitted on all sides that the Opposition comprises at least 95 per cent of the population of Croatia and Dalmatia and a great majority in Bosnia and Voivodina. His other aim was to strengthen Serbia as against the other sections, yet it is today patent to all that the Serb parties are in full disintegration and incapable of a united program, while the rising generation, especially at Belgrade University, is increasingly radical in its ideas and will soon stand farther to the Left than any existing party. In the words of one of the ablest young Serbs, 'the War gave to Serbia 100 per cent of her national program, with the result that today only a social program makes a real appeal, and God knows there is need for social reform. Croatia, on the other hand, has less self-government than she had before and is still clamoring for it in a modified form, and the result is that in Croatia national demands still take precedence over social, alike among her intellectuals and her peasant masses.'

In high quarters there is considerable fear of Bolshevism, a convenient generic term of abuse applied to all reformers of the Left. In reality the best hope of averting political extremism is a timely settlement of the Croat problem on a federal basis as part of a reformed constitution. There is still time, and leaders like Maček still have the masses well in control. But if the present negotiations should fail, or if foreign complications should arise while the political hunger of the Croat masses is still unsatisfied, no man can prophesy what might be the result. There are many who foresee the possibility of a sudden mass movement with leaders, unknown and untested, springing from nowhere. On the other hand, Yugoslavia's geographical position is far more favorable than that of her two closest allies, and there can be no doubt that a Serbo-Croat compromise on the basis of a free constitution

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should usher in a period of consolidation and prosperity.

For several reasons Yugoslavia has not been the object of such intensive foreign propaganda as Rumania, partly because the whole nation regards Italy with profound suspicion, partly because here the interests of Germany and Italy do not run parallel and in certain respects cancel each other out. The Duce was long convinced that Yugoslav unity was an artificial thing and could be destroyed by the action of Croat and Macedonian terrorists, but was ready to defend Austrian independence against invasion from the Reich; whereas the Yugoslavs, though they, too, wish Austria to remain independent, would, if forced to choose between Austria as a German vassal or as an Italian vassal, greatly prefer the former. The gross ill-treatment of the Croat and Slovene minority in Italy, her steady absorption of Albania and her manifest bid for a Mediterranean hegemony are three factors that increase Yugoslav distrust.

At the present moment the Yugoslavs are doing a flourishing trade with both Germany and Italy, and now that the Duce has changed his tactics they naturally do not reject the proffered hand. But their attitude remains one of armed vigilance, and the Yugoslav Premier as recently as February 14, 1937, pointedly attributed Yugoslavia's growing importance to the fact that it has an army of 1½ million men, and that that army is ready.

VII

Together the countries of the Little and Balkan Ententes form a very formidable bloc, but it is obvious that they can only be set in motion for essentially defensive purposes. In the matter of territorial revision, whether in the Danubian or the Balkan area, their solidarity is as great as ever, and any attempt to overthrow the *status quo* would be met by their united resistance. In the major questions of Europe there is inevitably less unity, and their individual attitudes would be determined by strategic considerations.

What the Double Entente as a whole would do in the event of an attack by Germany on Czechoslovakia must depend upon the attitude of the other Great Powers. For it is obvious that in the Mediterranean the three maritime members of the Balkan Entente (Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey) could not, even if combined, stand up to Italy, if the Western Powers were not involved; whereas in any conflict between Italy and the Western Powers the interests of the Balkan Entente would lie with the latter and their support would be a factor of immense strategic importance. It is equally obvious that in the event of a German attack on Czechoslovakia with Italy doubtful or even benevolent the Balkan States could not risk transferring their main forces to so remote a distance from their base, though they would be able to immobilize Hungary and would certainly invade her if she attacked Slovakia. If either Russia or France, or both, came to the aid of Czechoslovakia (in which case Italy would presumably wait to see what would be the attitude of Britain), the combined forces of the Double Entente would be a most valuable supplement to the defensive Bloc, and their intervention might also

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contribute toward bringing Poland out of her very natural reserve.

A realistic survey of the situation forces us to the hateful conclusion that *Machtpolitik* and brute force dominate the counsels of the dictators, and that for the moment strategy must take precedence over Genevan ideals. It may be that a 'Peace Front' will be constituted, strong enough to convince the military advisers of those dictators that the risks of war would be excessive and that any general war, whatever its outcome, would completely alter the structure of European society.

It will, however, be wise to keep in mind the possible alternative of a gambler's throw, and to weigh very carefully the possible consequences of a successful German attack upon Austria or Czechoslovakia. In that event the whole of Southeast Europe, as far as Athens and Stambul, would also automatically fall under the political and economic influence of Germany, and totalitarian doctrines —either in their Fascist or Nazi purity or in some such debased forms as those current in Moldavia—might soon dominate the whole Continent, save perhaps Scandinavia, for Belgium and Switzerland would certainly follow suit, and France herself would be in grave peril.

BERLIN—ROME AXIS

—Boris Efimov in the *Izvestia*, Moscow

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The first of two articles on German propaganda describes Nazi efforts to rule the world's air waves; the second is a sample of the venomous perversion of facts in the anti-Semitic *Stürmer*.

Tuning *in the* Nazis

I. The Loudest Voice on Earth

By Selkirk Panton

From the *Daily Express*, London Independent Conservative Daily

NAZI Germany is running away with the world's air. Day and night twelve high-power short-wave transmitters are pouring out a never-ending stream of news, views and propaganda to every part of the world. Every minute of the twenty-four hours they are pumping broadcasts into short-wave sets in the back-blocks of Australia, lonely log-cabins in Canada, farmhouses in Africa, and all around the globe. Claimed by Nazis to be the most powerful short-wave system in the world, it places in Dictator Hitler's hands the greatest potential propaganda weapon the world has ever seen. Valuable in peace time, this weapon will be beyond value in time of war.

One lesson Germany learned from the great War—the value of world-wide propaganda. They blame their lack of it during the war years for their defeat in 1918. They are determined not to make this mistake again, and in any future war to be certain of having the world's ear. So in addition to the twelve stations already in action Hitler has ten more short-wave transmitters up his sleeve. They are idle now. But in war-time these reserve stations will be thrown into the front line of the war on the air, jamming enemy broadcasts, making the air safe for German propaganda from their sister stations.

The twelve transmitters in action are at the moment broadcasting daily a total of fifty transmission hours of news, entertainment, propaganda. That is just three times as much as the British station Daventry sends. Thus with only half of the German

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short-wave system in operation it is easier for Britons in colonies and Dominions to listen-in to Berlin than to Daventry. When the British Broadcasting Company's three new powerful Empire transmitters now under construction are thrown on the air Germany will most likely counter them with increased transmission.

Nerve center of this world-wide radio net is Zeesen, no-horse village nineteen miles southeast of Berlin. Zeesen is so small that few Berliners have ever heard of it; thorough-going German mapmakers have found no room for it on even large-scale maps. But the cheery voice of a young Nazi crying from this village 'Hello, dear friends! This is Germany calling!' re-echoes in the world wherever a short-wave set is switched on.

To guard this voice a military airfield has been carved out of the pine-woods of Zeesen. At the moment it is just another of the many military airfields which have sprung up like mushrooms all over Germany since Hitler came into power. But in wartime Zeesen airfield will emerge as one of the most important in the Reich, its sole duty being to protect Germany's fighting propaganda voice against sabotage and enemy air-raids.

Even today barbed wire encircles the ten-acre radio field with its twenty-five Eiffel Tower-like radio masts. An armed guard was patrolling the field when I visited it a few days ago. Other signs of military activity were steel-helmeted soldiers on motorcycle patrol and a clattering, camouflaged tank.

Few nations, if any, escape this net of propaganda broadcasts, sugar-coated with first-class musical and entertainment numbers. Dynamic little thirty-nine-year-old Propaganda Minister Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels, chief of all radio broadcasts, has taped the world down, divided it into six zones: South Asia and Australasia, the Far East, Africa, South America, Central America and North America.

Little downright propaganda is leaving Zeesen for the world's radio sets at the moment. Dr. Goebbels wants to gain good will in the receiving countries. Cunningly he sandwiches subtle propaganda between music, news and birthday greetings to far-off listeners. Daily programs for each zone are carefully chosen. Here is a typical Zeesen broadcast to Australia and New Zealand, where it is received in the late afternoon and evening.

6:00 A.M.	German folk songs
6:10	Concert
7:00	News bulletin
7:55	Greetings
8:00	News bulletin
8:15	What is happening in Germany
8:30	Concert
9:00	Hitler Youth calling
10:00	Ballads and songs of Grieg
10:30	News bulletin
11:00	Women's hour

The programs are all much the same, with only slight alterations to suit the psychology of the receiving nation. Zone Africa, for instance, which has many Germans homesick for their goose-stepping Fatherland, gets its daily dose of brass band military marches. Special attention is paid to former German colonies, with more birthday greetings to ex-German colonists, more open propaganda to make their mouths water for the success of

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Hitler's colonial demands and a return to the Reich.

News bulletins, which occupy more than one-fifth of the programs, have a double importance. Besides giving Germany's point of view and denials of reports on Germany in the world press, these news bulletins are not copyrighted; editors are asked to use them. Daventry bulletins, on the other hand, are copyrighted. Editors of small papers, especially in former German colonies, unable to afford news agencies, chary of picking up Daventry news, gladly use the free but biased German news.

Organization offices of these short-wave broadcasts have grown so rapidly that officials found no room in Berlin's broadcasting building near the Adolf Hitler Platz. They are now quartered nearby in one-story wooden barracks hastily thrown up on the site of the future gigantic German Broadcasting House. Its low wooden corridors and rooms are as cosmopolitan as the lounge of an international hotel.

Seven languages are used on the air by the German short-wave stations, and they can all be heard in the waiting-rooms of the short-wave headquarters. Dr. Goebbels thinks that propaganda is more readily believed if foreign listeners hear one of their own countrymen broadcasting it. So he employs foreigners—Englishmen, Indians, South Africans, Canadians and so on—to send out Nazi Germany's message from the village near Berlin.

These foreign announcers lead strange lives, have to go on the air at queer hours of the day and night for most favorable reception times in the various countries. At midnight they are often just beginning work when their Nazi colleague of the German long and medium wave stations, which provide Europe with Nazi news and views, is saying in his solemn, heavy German: 'The German announcer wishes all his listeners within and beyond the frontiers a good night! Heil Hitler.'

II. Christ Was an Aryan!

Translated from the *Stürmer*, Nürnberg National-Socialist Anti-Semitic Weekly

WHEREVER the Jew seizes power, he falls upon his victims with demoniac fury. It is as if he were giving expression to an age-old hatred and desire for revenge. He tortures and burns priests with bestial ferocity; he violates and kills the nuns. He sacks, defiles and burns churches; he digs saints out of their graves and smashes statues of Christ; he massacres men, mutilates women and disembowels children. In this way the Jew fulfills the frightful prophecies of the Old Testament.

And so, seeing the implacable savage fight which the Jew carries on today, seeing him rage like a wild beast against all that is Christian—in the presence of so much hate—we begin to get an idea of what Christianity really is. This is even now a much-disputed question. There are still people in Germany today who reject Christianity, which, they believe, is a faith

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contrary to the German nature. There are others who reject the Christian doctrine because they claim that Christ was Jewish and no true German would accept a doctrine of Jewish origin. Then there are others who see a miracle in the very fact that Christ *was* a Jew.

The *Stürmer* stands ready to answer all these questions and to explain the problem of Christianity and Judaism in a manner calculated to open the eyes of all Germans.

Christ was not a Jew! He came neither from Judea nor from Jerusalem but from Galilee. Well, Galilee was a country populated by non-Jewish peoples. The Jews themselves called it *ghelil ha goim*, the land of Gentiles. As we see, Jesus came from a Gentile country and his parents were carpenters. We defy you to find one single Jew in the whole world who is plying the carpenter's trade.

So Jesus was not a Jew by birth. Nor was he Jewish in habit and character. If he had been a Jew, it would have been apparent in his way of living: he would have thought, taught and acted like a Jew; the Jews would have recognized him as one of themselves and would have listened to what he had to say. They did nothing of the sort. The Jewish people did not accept his doctrine: they rejected it. It was the race whom we now designate by the name 'Aryans' who embraced Christ's doctrine. And, as Adolf Hitler writes in *Mein Kampf*, 'Spiritually, Aryans are diametrically opposed to the Jews.'

Thus we do not find Jews but Aryans, in other words, Nordic peoples, accepting the Christian doctrine. Consequently this doctrine is not a product of Jewish but of Nordic blood. The man who preached it was not Jewish but Nordic. And not only was Jesus not a Jew but he was also an anti-Semite. He was the greatest, the truest, the most courageous enemy the Jews ever had. Christianity, the religion he founded, was essentially an anti-Jewish religion; it represented the most powerful anti-Semitic movement of all time.

At the time when Seneca was tutoring the future Emperor Nero, Jews had already put their mark on the Roman Empire. They knew that intellectually they were the masters of the Romans, and they were getting ready to seize the political power also. Jerusalem was then enjoying the status of a great world center. If Rome was the seat of imperial power, the Jewish capital was the financial center of the ancient world. The money of the rich Jews of Rome, Greece, Alexandria and Asia Minor flowed into its banks. Jerusalem was the center from which the Jews carried on not only their financial but also their political underground activities.

As it was the religious center of international Judaism, Jerusalem was the headquarters of the high Jewish clergy and the site of the religious schools and of the magnificent temple. And just as today the Kremlin sends its political agents throughout the whole world, so the high priests of the Temple of Jerusalem sent out their religious agitators. Their mission was to prepare the ground for the great world revolution against Rome. For this purpose the Jews collected vast sums of money from those of their faith.

They fortified Jerusalem; they organized and equipped a revolutionary army; and everywhere they stirred

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the minds of the Roman subjects against the Emperor. They promised a paradise on earth as soon as the Jewish world empire had been established upon the ruins of the Roman Empire; they declared that 'Rome shall fall and the Jewish Messiah shall destroy kings and regents.' In this way the Jewish agitators created a horrible atmosphere charged with hatred and subversion.

Jesus knew that Jews would crucify him. But he also realized the terrible fate that the Jews were preparing for the non-Jewish races. He saw the latter faced by the terrible prospect of world Hebraization. He understood that only the sacrifice of his own life could prevent the tragedy. So he gave his life with a courage and self-abnegation of which a Jew could never have been capable.

Feeling death near, Jesus gathered his disciples around him and prophesied to them about coming events. Knowing that one day the Jewish 'Messiahs' would overrun the world and preach revolution, he determined to frustrate them by means of his own Christian propaganda. He never wished to oppose Rome, and his struggle was entirely against the Jews. His aim was to unite the forces of world humanity so that it might be saved from the universal destruction planned by the Jews.

II

Martin Luther also understood Jewish ambitions. His sermons against Christ's murderers became more and more bitter. The Jews watched with an ever-growing dismay the storm of indignation he was raising against them. With terror they foresaw the fate that would befall them if Luther continued his preaching. So they decided to deal with him as they did with all their enemies: they would murder him!

Perhaps in the last hours of his life Luther had a foreboding of his fate, for in his last sermon at Eisleben he added a 'Warning against the Jews.' A few hours after he finished his sermon he died. His passing was sudden; nobody expected it. Even to the present day the causes of his death have been veiled in mystery—but only to those who do not know the diabolical cunning of the Jews. Those who know what that race is capable of know why Luther died. Like Jesus, who named his murderers before he died, Luther, shortly before his death, described those who were trying to destroy him: 'Those who know the art of giving poison that kills quickly.' Here we have the final proof that the great reformer was poisoned by the Jews.

Four hundred years have passed since the Reformation; four centuries since the Church, through its two Jewish popes, again suffered another attempt at 'Hebraization;' four centuries since a German monk revolted against that Sheeny spirit and founded a Protestant Church.

Pope Alexander VI came from the Jewish race. His uncle, Alphonso Borgia, also a Jew, who was a Pope before him, helped him in his ambitions. Alexander VI poisoned several cardinals, committed the sin of fornication and race pollution with a widow and her two daughters, and even went as far as to commit incest with his own daughter Lucrezia. By these crimes the Jewish Pope succeeded in discrediting the Catholic Church. Although later it had leaders who were

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hostile to Jews, it never quite regained the spirit of the primitive Christianity, when Jews were considered a diabolical race.

The Jews did not fail to profit by this period of tolerance. A great revolution spread through Europe. The result of it was the establishment of so-called 'democracy' and 'liberalism.' These principles involved the emancipation of the Jew; that is to say, they gave equal rights to the Jews. In reality the Jews merely used this equality as a stepping-stone to supremacy. Aided by Freemasonry, parliamentarism and the press, the Jews exploited the privileges which they were given to get political and economic power. It was the first decisive defeat for the Christian morale. Other defeats followed, especially the development of Marxism, founded and directed by the Jews. In the end the Jew planted the flag of the godless among all the peoples of the world.

Then came the World War, the Jewish-Bolshevik Revolution in Russia and the Jewish-Marxist revolt of November 1918 in Germany. We know the consequences of these events: the extermination of the Christian faith among the Russian people and the Jewish-Soviet plot for world revolution.

Many men in the Church foresaw these things but their warnings fell on deaf ears.

Today, thanks to the miracle performed by Adolf Hitler, the German people have won a victory over a world full of these monsters. The Germans alone dared to revolt against the world Judaism. And they have won!

Pope Adolf I

The Führer of the German people is an envoy whom God has charged with a great mission for his people and for the whole world. It is therefore the duty of the Church not to oppose, but to obey, the will of God of which the Führer is the expression.

—Extract from an opinion handed down by the Brunswick Court of Appeals.

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Persons and Personages

KALMAN DARANYI

By MAX FENYÖ

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Conservatives Daily

KALMAN DARANYI has been Premier of Hungary for eight months —too brief a period to judge the success or failure of his program but sufficient to reveal what his aims are and how firm a hold he has gained in Hungary's ever-fluctuating politics.

The circumstances under which Daranyi succeeded to the Premiership were unique. The Party of National Union had been remodeled in the image of Julius Gömbös, who had been strongly influenced by the National Socialist Revolution in Germany. Gömbös's imagination was often guided by mystical theories; his irresolution was cleverly hidden behind determined gestures; his great schemes were always bursting like bubbles; his military virtues included a stubborn suspicion which was extremely hard to overcome. These traits became characteristic of the National Union Party under his leadership. Then came Daranyi, who had been cast in an altogether different mold, who had entirely different ideas about men and matters, and about political methods. Only in their love of everything Hungarian did the two men resemble each other; in all other respects they differed completely. So Daranyi began to carry out his own ideas by means of Gömbös's party.

This was certainly an odd situation, and at first the followers of Gömbös were very nervous about the new leadership. Though this unrest within the party has not yet been completely allayed, Kalman Daranyi is today the undisputed leader of his party and master of the situation.

We do not know whether Daranyi ever foresaw that he might become Premier, but looking backward we find that the thorough political training he underwent fitted him perfectly for the office. Toward the close of the War, when he was barely thirty years of age, he received an important assignment from the Esterhazy Government. Later he was named assistant to Premier Stephen Bethlen and from that genius he learned the art of government, absorbing the correct as well as the erroneous ideas of his master. He had also before him the constructive example of Julius Karolyi's self-denial. Finally he gained a first-hand knowledge of administration while serving as Minister of Agriculture in the Gömbös Cabinet. Apart from his personal qualifications his background made him the logical choice to succeed Gömbös upon the latter's death.

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Daranyi undertook the task with confidence and a determination to crush every attempt to obstruct his program. Paul Valéry, I believe, has said that power would lose its attraction if it could not be abused. But Kalman Daranyi has no desire to abuse his power. For him power means greater responsibility, increased work, concentrated intellectual and moral effort. But as long as he feels that he is accomplishing the tasks assigned to him, he will not shrink from employing whatever means he thinks necessary in dealing with his opponents.

He admits that he belongs to the Right, and he opposes the Social Democrats as strenuously as did his predecessor. The policy of the Right, however, is to many a mystical theory in the fogs of which all the intelligent and honest achievements of the past are lost. Yet Daranyi's policy is one of moderation and springs from the same sources as that of Stephen Bethlen, who recently professed his indebtedness to the ideas of Kossuth, Szechenyi and Deák. Daranyi has a far-reaching social policy of his own, the outlines of which are already becoming visible, and in fostering it he tolerates neither demagogy which bases its agitation on social evils nor the efforts of reactionaries to 'freeze' existing civil and social barriers.

Hungary's friendship with Germany causes the realistic Daranyi to respect the National Socialist aims, but he is determined to prevent the spread of Nazi doctrines, because he knows that they are dangerous for Hungary both in domestic affairs and in her foreign relations. At the same time he adopts strong measures to suppress Communist agitation. In brief, Daranyi is determined to keep his country out of ideological struggles. Even while preparing a reform that will give Hungary a more democratic franchise he extends the Regent's powers and strengthens the Senate's authority so as to counter-balance the risks of the electoral reform. His policy, moreover, serves to encourage the religious elements. By pursuing a middle-of-the-way course he has won the confidence of the Opposition in Parliament to such an extent that there is a virtual truce in party politics.

Shrewdness characterizes Daranyi's foreign policy. He is careful to avoid commitments and adventures which might endanger Hungary's safety, and profits from the advice of the brilliant thinker, Kalman Kanya. While remaining faithful to the pact with Italy, friendly toward Austria and on good terms with Germany, he is careful not to alienate France or Great Britain. For Daranyi is one statesman who does not make the mistake of under-estimating the significance of the Western Powers even in the changed conditions of the past three years. His realism has even enabled him to improve Hungary's relations with the Little Entente and, above all, to convince Yugoslavia that sincere neighborliness can bring increased strength to both countries.

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These first months have been merely a beginning. What is now needed is the unselfish coöperation of the ablest men in the country, a sort of 'concentration government,' so that his broad-minded and realistic policy may bear fruit at home as well as abroad. With such a concentration of forces Kalman Daranyi could draw upon the abilities of Stephen Bethlen, Tibor Eckhardt, Alexander Ernszt and Karl Rassay, in addition to his present advisers. It would be the best guarantee that the long period of uncertainty, frustration and confusion in Hungary has definitely ended and that really constructive work has begun.

A Martyr to Peace

By Henri Guernut

Translated from *Europe*, Paris Literary and Political Monthly

THE initiative in proposing Carl von Ossietzky for the Nobel Peace Prize was taken by a woman, who fulfilled a vow of the late Helmuth von Gerlach, President of the German League for the Rights of Man. It was she who persuaded me to circulate in French parliamentary and university groups the first petitions in von Ossietzky's behalf that were to be sent to the Norwegian Committee.

I was easily persuaded, if I remember correctly, for three reasons. First, it seemed but just to reward an apostle who had carried his apostleship to the point of martyrdom, who did not content himself with speaking and writing for peace but dared and suffered for peace. In the second place—shall I confess it?—I hoped that the Nobel Committee, in its complete neutrality and its unquestionably high moral authority, might discreetly teach a lesson to a régime which persecutes free thought and courage. In the third place, I was persuaded by what I knew of the life and work of the candidate.

Ossietzky belonged to no party, but he symbolized all the parties which should have united. How he suffered to see them divided, to hear them bickering; how he warned them all that their quarrels would be fatal to their common ideal! He dreamed of welding them into a kind of democratic cartel.

Alas! The Social Democrats would have nothing to do with their neighbors and jealously guarded their party frontiers. The Communists had yet to learn in the bitter school of experience that by isolating themselves from the democratic parties they were bearing water to Hitler's mill. And it was Hitler's mill that ground all of them to bits.

That Ossietzky loved democracy goes without saying, and for its preservation he desired a union of the Left parties. But in his eyes there

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was something more precious even than democracy, and without which there could be no democracy. That greater aim was Peace, which could be assured only through union.

A pacifist, a lover of peace, a fanatic for peace, if you like—that was Carl von Ossietzky. During the War, while at the front, he had sworn that if he survived he would devote his life to the task of making a new war impossible. He kept his oath. As Secretary of the German Peace Society from 1920 on, he was one of the promoters of the *Nie Wieder Krieg* (No More War) movement that had a vast following in Berlin and other cities. In pursuing his journalistic career he became the expert on foreign policy of the daily *Berliner Volkszeitung* and the weekly *Tagebuch* and fought for Germany's entrance into the League of Nations. He believed that she should cease brooding over her defeat and employ her genius for organization in the pacific reconstruction of Europe. In an interview with von Gerlach, Chancellor Stresemann paid this tribute to the effectiveness of his labors: 'Without Ossietzky's preparatory work I should never have been able to carry out my policy.'

MEANWHILE, despite the efforts of Ossietzky and his friends, the forces of revenge became always stronger. In order to fight them with more independence and vigor he took over the *Weltbühne* in 1927. During the next few years he wrote more than four hundred articles denouncing the crimes of the Black, or illegal, Reichswehr, the murders of the infamous Feme (the secret terrorist tribunal of the Black Reichswehr) and, above all, the clandestine rearmament.

According to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles Germany was provisionally to maintain an army of only 100,000 men which was to be strictly limited in *materièl*. It is now well known that the Reichswehr got around the terms of the Treaty by various artifices, that little by little it developed 'voluntary' organizations of a military character. The prohibited arms were secretly bought or fabricated and the General Staff was secretly reconstituted.

Ossietzky and his friends resolved to expose these breaches of the Treaty.

'At Versailles,' they declared, 'we gave our word. A nation is subject to the same moral obligations as an individual. When pledges are made, they should be kept.'

Or again: 'We desire peace. If Germany remains faithful to her oath not to arm, the other nations will be constrained to keep their pledge progressively to reduce their forces and their *materièl* in proportion to our own. In that way peace will be achieved.

'On the other hand, if we cheat, if we fall down on our pledge, all the others will have a pretext for maintaining and increasing their arma-

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ment. If we rearm, they will rearm beyond us. If we begin this fatal course, it can lead only to the horror of another war.'

Because of his heroic campaign Ossietzky was arraigned before the Supreme Court of Leipzig for treason in 1931. It is sufficient to say that the proceedings were utterly illegal. When she agreed at Versailles to limit her armaments, Germany was forbidden to prosecute those of her citizens who might denounce violations. Yet when Ossietzky was indicted, neither the League of Nations nor a single one of the Allied countries protested. And so Ossietzky was sentenced to prison for eighteen months. Before beginning his term he might have fled; he was given an opportunity. This he refused to do, writing in the *Weltbühne*:—

'If you wish to fight effectively against rottenness in a nation, you must do it on the inside. A political journalist's job cannot be expected to afford him security; it is danger that brings out the best that is in him.'

He began his prison term on May 10, 1932, but was released in the Christmas Amnesty of December 24. His freedom did not last very long. On February 27, 1933, occurred the Reichstag fire. There was not the slightest evidence that Ossietzky had anything to do with it. Nevertheless he was arrested and thrown into a concentration camp without examination, hearing or trial. During the next three years he was dragged from the concentration camp to the fortress of Spandau, then to the concentration camp at Sonnenburg, then to the deadly Papenburg-Esterwegen camp in the open marshes. Here are some of the regulations of the last-named:—

> Paragraph 6:—Eight days' solitary confinement and twenty-four strokes of the lash at the beginning and end of the confinement shall be the punishment of any prisoner who is impolite to a member of the Guard, or who omits voluntarily to give the prescribed salute, or who indicates by word or act his unwillingness to submit to discipline.
>
> Paragraph 11:—Anyone who gathers, receives or repeats true or false news destined for enemy propaganda against the concentration camps, whether communicated to foreign visitors or other persons or divulged by any manner whatsoever, shall be hanged as a rioter.
>
> Paragraph 12:—Anyone who refuses to obey or to work, leaves his place of work or a column *en route*, or incites others to do so shall be shot immediately as a rioter or hanged later.

Even at the beginning Ossietzky's health was rather delicate, and although he never once resisted the Satanic concentration camp system, he grew steadily weaker.

Meanwhile, at Oslo, his candidacy gained supporters. Were the German authorities moved by pity or by fear? In any case he was transferred to a police hospital. He was there on November 23, 1936—just five years after he had been sentenced at Leipzig—when the Nobel Commit-

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tee gave its resounding testimonial of respect and admiration for his labors in behalf of peace.

A prize was very far from being the reward that Carl von Ossietzky wished. He sought and suffered for peace, peace through disarmament.

[*Ossietzky is still kept under heavy guard and incommunicado by the Nazi authorities. His prize money amounting to some $40,000 has been sequestered and his daughter has received no reply to her request that the German Government permit her father to send her money on which to live and continue her studies in Sweden.* THE EDITORS]

FRANCO'S NAZI ADVISER

By RUDOLF FEISTMANN

Translated from the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris German-Émigré Daily

TWO days after General Franco's Government was jointly recognized by the German and Italian Governments Major Wilhelm Faupel was appointed German *chargé d'affaires* to the Spanish Insurgent Junta.

Since this envoy from the Third Reich moved into his headquarters at Burgos with his large staff of officers and military advisers, he has often been in the news. The airplane that bore Faupel to Franco crashed in the French Alps on its return to Germany, revealing compromising documents and still more compromising passengers. The documents disclosed Faupel's pessimistic pleas that Hitler, Göring and Blomberg send more 'volunteers' and additional munitions to the Spanish Insurgents. Only after the fall of Malaga, which was captured by a force composed largely of Italian and German troops, did Hitler openly accord to Faupel the status of 'Ambassador,' a strange title for the chief of a military mission. (According to a semi-official report in the *Militär-Wochenblatt* of February 5, 1937, which was inspired by Faupel, Malaga's capture was delayed for a long time because Franco had not put sufficient forces at the disposal of Quiepo de Llano.)

Faupel's career is not unusual. He is one of those numerous General Staff officers, or mercenaries, whom German imperialism dispatched to all parts of the earth when there was nothing to do at home. In 1900, as a young officer, Faupel participated in the Chinese campaign in which German troops helped to crush the Boxer Rebellion. Dr. Goebbels' press emphasized this episode in the life of the National Socialist officer while concealing others. Following the Chinese campaign Faupel traveled in Mongolia, and explored the terrain up to Lake Baikal. From 1904 to 1907 together with von Epp and other future Nazi military leaders he

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participated in the expedition against the Hereros and the Hottentots of South Africa. This was one of the cruelest campaigns of extermination in colonial history.

Faupel had an opportunity to utilize these experiences in 1918–19; in Dresden, Munich and the Ruhr he led his Free Corps against the German workers. In 1921, after taking part in the Kapp Putsch, he went to Argentina, where he had already served as a General Staff instructor from 1911 to 1913. In 1927 he switched to Peru, and there became Inspector General of the Army. His title of 'General' is derived from his rank in the Peruvian Army. He returned to Germany in 1931 and undertook to survey the Labor Service problem for the Employers' Association and also served as adviser to the Reichswehr.

BUT soon he was to have more important tasks. The Reichswehr leaders and other influential circles in Germany had shown considerable interest in the political development of Spain throughout the post-War period. Primo de Rivera's fall and the creation of the Spanish Republic in April, 1931, were viewed with grave concern by the military clique. The *Militär-Wochenblatt* spoke of the far-reaching significance of this unpleasant political event, especially from the military point of view.

After Hitler's accession to power this interest increased. In May, 1933, *Wissen und Wehr*, the leading German magazine dealing with military science, published an anonymous article, *Thoughts on Spanish Defensive Strategy*, which stressed the importance of the Iberian peninsula in European and Mediterranean strategy.

Spain, according to the writer, dominates the Straits of Gibraltar through her possessions in Morocco, and the Balearic Islands owned by Spain are, strategically, the key to the Western Mediterranean. The mobilization and transport of French North-African troops could be constantly threatened from Spain, the paper added. It also recalled the sympathetic attitude of Alphonso XIII and the Spanish military toward Germany during the World War and expressed the hope that Spain would continue to be favorably inclined toward the Reich in the future.

The author of this anonymous article was Faupel, who had been recalled from his Labor Service survey to devote himself again to Spanish and South-American problems. In 1934 he was appointed President of the Ibero-American Institute by the Prussian Minister of Culture, and founded the military magazine *Ejército, Marina, Aviación*, which began to appear in Spanish in January, 1934, in Berlin—a phenomenon in military literature. Many eminent German military experts were numbered among its contributors, and the magazine gave excellent publicity to the products of German war industry. The same armament

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and munitions firms which later supplied munitions to Franco advertised in Faupel's magazine. This organ, as well as the Ibero-American Institute and the German-Spanish Society, of which Faupel was also chairman, served as important links with the Spanish generals. Faupel renewed old acquaintances with South American officers and, with the aid of the Nazi Government, he entered into correspondence with Sanjurjo, Franco, Cabanellas and other dissident Spanish military leaders.

In January, 1936, six months before the outbreak of the revolt and the overt intervention of the Nazis in Spain, General Faupel published a comprehensive article about the origin, course and far-reaching significance of the Chaco war. The ideas which the present German Ambassador to Franco developed in that article appear today in a new and interesting light: 'In Paraguay,' Faupel wrote, 'there were many persons who had economic interests in the Chaco; this was true to a lesser extent of Bolivia. To the Paraguayans the Chaco lay at the very gates of their capital; to the majority of the Bolivian soldiers it was an unknown, remote, more or less unimportant region. The fact that social conditions in Bolivia were more unsettled than in Paraguay also caused unrest among the Bolivian troops.'

Faupel's sympathies lay with the Bolivians, since they had been under the command of the German General Kundt; but, he added, the Paraguayan soldiers as well as those of Bolivia had fought for the glory and future of their country.

'It is true,' he wrote, 'that Bolivia with her 1.47 and Paraguay with her .44 souls per square mile are so sparsely populated that even without additional territory they would probably be occupied for decades and perhaps for centuries in exploiting and settling the territory they already possessed. But the opportunity to annex a region of the Chaco's size might not return for centuries. The Chaco Boreal is a territory that will eventually be of great value to the State which finally acquires it. How far the individual fighter is conscious of this fact is irrelevant; but it is impossible for a responsible government to surrender a vast territory to another State without a struggle or without demanding a compensation—a territory, moreover, that borders on its own. A people acting thus would doom itself. Neither lust for war nor political ambition on the part of one or other of the two Governments, but rather the safeguarding of vital future interests brought about the war, which had to be fought some time.'

These principles and this new version of the theory of the need for expansion, which the Führer's Ambassador to Franco analyzed before the opening of the Spanish Civil War, have been applied by the Nazi Government in the course of its intervention in Spain. The German sol-

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diers who were forcibly dispatched to Spain and North Africa through agents like Faupel do not differ from the Bolivian and Paraguayan soldiers who fought in the Chaco War for the protection of the future interests of the imperialists.

It does not matter, says Faupel, the seasoned mercenary, whether or not the individual soldier is conscious of the reason.

Ali Naggar, the Fakir of Ipi

By Habibur Rahman

Translated from the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, Berlin Coördinated Daily

GREAT Britain is now confronted with the task of putting down the most serious rebellion in several years among the tough mountaineers of Waziristan, on India's Northwest Frontier. The tribes of this region, Waziris, Pathans, Afridis and Mohmands, are theoretically included in the British sphere of influence, but they cling fiercely to their independence. Their leader, the Fakir of Ipi, self-styled 'Savior of Islam,' after laboring for many years to unify the tribesmen, recently proclaimed a 'Republic' in the region. This, of course, constitutes a revolt, and the Government of India is taking energetic steps to crush the Fakir and his followers.

Fakir is really a title of honor, and is applied to devout men who disdain worldly riches. The word is the customary Arabic expression for 'poor.' The real name of the Fakir of Ipi is Ali Naggar. And he does not come from the village of Ipi, but from the most important trading city of the borderlands, Peshawar.

In Peshawar Ali Naggar was originally a porter, a carrier of burdens —a profession for which his powerful physique well fitted him. He is a giant, standing more than six feet in height, and he is reputed to have slain two bears in a single encounter with his bare hands. This anecdote may have been invented, yet it fits the man who is playing a leading part in the eternal Holy War along the Afghan-Indian border.

Even Peshawar does not know what caused Ali Naggar to give up his profession as a carrier and become a Moslem apostle in Waziristan. Perhaps the constant bloody campaigns of the English against the defiant tribes left their marks on his mind. Somehow he seems to have become convinced that the mountain tribes would ultimately be exterminated unless they united against the British. The present uprising was spurred by the fact that under the new Indian Constitution certain districts are not to enjoy the privileges of limited self-government granted to the rest of India. The needs of national defense were given as

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pretext for excluding the tribes, which remain directly under the military administration.

Ali Naggar went into the Suleiman Mountains to preach resistance against the alien invaders who were trying to gain a hold on the valleys by building 'peaceful' roads, schools and airports. Followers soon gathered around him in growing numbers. Ali Naggar is a religious fanatic and a rabble-rouser, but he preaches his doctrines with convincing arguments. He is no armchair Leader or office politician. He is superior to his disciples in physical prowess and he is indisputably the best shot in the mountains. In wrestling matches and other contests he overcomes every adversary.

He preaches hardihood to these people who live in unspeakable poverty. He regards their wearing of goatskins as a luxury which coddles the fighter and he even condemns the coarse mountain fare as effeminate. As he himself sets a good example, the young tribesmen follow him with enthusiasm. His own style in clothing has become the model for all his followers. It will not be long until all his 'Volunteers' wear the almond-colored shirt, which, incidentally, blends nicely with the terrain of the Suleiman Mountains.

When Amanullah sought to regain his throne, he looked for help in the frontier regions. Even then the influence of Ali Naggar was sufficiently strong to play a decisive rôle in the fate of the Afghan throne. In the beginning he is supposed to have been favorably inclined to the aspirations of the fallen king, because Amanullah had opposed the British. For reasons that are obscure Ali Naggar abandoned Amanullah and was of material assistance in helping Nadir Shah win the throne.

By proclaiming the 'Republic of the Frontier Tribes' the Fakir has thrown down his challenge to Great Britain.

[*The British have accepted the challenge. A recent dispatch reports that 33,000 British and Indian troops well equipped with tanks and planes are being mobilized for a campaign against the Fakir of Ipi.* THE EDITORS]

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'Chips,' the carpenter of the *Port de Santos*, spins a yarn about pilots.

The Pilot's Idea

By Jacques E. Marcuse

Translated by Lucy Cores

From the *Mercure de France*

Paris Political and Literary Fortnightly

FROM the wheelhouse you can see the reddish-green pampas with a white spot of a town in the middle. You can see everything—the town, the scattered clumps of trees and the gray flocks that drift slowly across the prairie, all in a glance. The farther bank of the river can hardly be seen, and even then it is apt to be only an island. This is a country of immense spaces; the rivers are larger than one could have imagined and the plains seem to extend into infinity. The horizon looks as if it had been pushed back to the very edges of a world that is completely flat. And the river is like a crack in the middle of this flat disk.

We are riding at anchor. The swift-flowing current splits on the prow of our boat, so that looking down one has an impression that we are moving. The river flows around us with a sort of amplified murmur. Birds are crying in the pale sky. The air is beginning to cool.

From where I am standing I can see a part of the bridge and the fo'-castle. 'Chips,' the carpenter, is busy at the windlass donkey which gives out occasional puffs of white smoke. Some wash is flapping in the wind above the stokers' cabin. Big Jeff is patching up his trousers on the number one hold. From the sailors' quarters there comes a clatter of pots and pans: at this hour the cabin boy usually tries to give an impression that he is washing the dishes. On the bridge the Old Man is sighting something with his binoculars; with him are the dirty-headed pilot and the third mate, who is biting his nails. The second mate crosses the bridge, his steps resounding, and mounts the ladder to the fo'castle. We are about to weigh anchor.

The Old Man puts down his binoculars and picks up the megaphone. The pilot spits into the water. In the forepeak the second's bald pate catches and diffuses the rays of sunlight. Four men disappear into the forepeak, two for each anchor. It's

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pleasant to stay outside in the fresh air, leaning over the railing, while your pals are sweating down in the chainlocker. The filth in that place! It adds to my pleasure to think that it will probably take them a long time to stow the anchors because the bloody fools don't know how to coil the chain properly, as I would do it.

The Old Man bawls into his megaphone; the second transfers the order; Chips gives her steam; the windlass wheezes, growls and begins to turn with a great panting and creaking. The wet chain glides over the spiked wheels. The bos'n rings off the fathoms on the rundle in the bow. I can imagine my pals in the chainlocker, crawling about on all fours and sweating. The chainlocker of the *Port de Santos* is not a parlor by any means. It is narrow and has a low ceiling: even when it's empty, a man can't stand up in it. The last links of the chain must be coiled carefully on top of others and that job is done lying on one's belly with one's nose in the mud that has come up from the bottom of the river along with the chain. This work is at once delicate, tiring and dangerous. If the chain jumps off the windlass, the men below follow it. They come up in the forepeak, pass through the hawse hole and are washed away by the current—in small pieces. The chainlocker of the *Port de Santos* has four murders like that to its credit.

I congratulate myself on having escaped this rotten duty for once: I've had to do it from the beginning of the trip. There are two of us who are considered specialists. At every sailing and often, too, when we are landing the second mate shouts his order all in one breath and in four languages at once—'Drei hombres dans le chainlocker!'—and down we go. Today this doesn't concern me. But I note with some satisfaction that the anchor is not stowed without any hitches. Several times the chain has to be paid out for a few fathoms—after the men below are warned—to be taken up again, gently and cautiously. The fools! Finally the job is finished.

'Starboard easy,' the pilot commands. I repeat after him: 'Starboard easy it is,' and give the wheel a three-quarter turn.

The boat shivers. I hear the propeller churning aft. At first we drift a bit: the boat does not obey the wheel. And suddenly, from an inanimate thing swinging with the current, she springs into life. I feel her fighting and getting the better of me. We tack about gently. We move forward. Finally we are in the midstream. Good old *Port de Santos!* How I love that rusty old hulk of iron!

'Steady as she goes!' says the pilot.

That's bad. If I right her, we shall drift again. I know my ship. It's not a damned yacht! Does the pilot think he knows her better than I do? Order and counter-order. That'll teach him a lesson. He's sweating now, the pilot. The Old Man throws me a nasty look. It's a curious thing that the mates, and even the Old Man himself, always side with the pilot.

'Port,' calls the pilot.

I'd like to see all pilots burning in hell, and this one particularly. As if I needed his advice! The buoy is there, as clear as day, and I know very well where to go. Nevertheless, since he insists, I do as he tells me. Naturally nothing good comes of it. The current is too strong; the *Port de Santos* is

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hard to handle. Then suddenly she gives in and we spin around too fast.

'Starboard,' the pilot bawls. And this goes on for ages. What a job!

The sun is setting and the shadows are lengthening across the prairie grown dark. The stokers have set up their phonograph on a tarpaulin-covered hatch in front of their quarters. It is so quiet that I can hear the words of the refrain:—

Beneath the skies of Argentine,
Where all the women are divine. . .

That's funny. Here it is, this Argentina, on my left—not the Argentina of the song but the real one, the country of corned beef. Once these songs, the tangos, the airs had made me dream. Films too: *The Sign of Zorro*, *The Gaucho*. They made me want to travel. I still do. Sailing isn't quite the same thing.

There is somebody galloping by on a horse, along the bank. Horse and man are a black silhouette against the setting sun. Maybe a gaucho. Only yesterday I went ashore. The streets of Concepción were covered with gray dust that came up in a cloud when the wind blew and made me cough. A broiling sun beat down. The walls of the *casita*, covered with white lime, a glass of flat beer, tired eyes, badly-painted mouth—all this comes back to me. . . . *Beneath the skies of Argentine*. . . . I guess I slept with one of the 'divine' women and I am a bit apprehensive. . . .

'Port easy,' says the pilot. I notice that he looks at me queerly, with a nasty squint, as he chews on his unlighted cigar. He does not like my way of steering. He tells me as much. So does the Old Man. I don't say anything. I stop paying any attention to the buoys; I even stop thinking; I just obey the orders. The *Port de Santos* reels around like a drunkard. . . .

II

Six o'clock. I ring two double bells and pass the wheel to Jeff. The ship lights are reflected in the water. I come down from the bridge. The carpenter and the cook are sitting on a hatch talking. Chips hails me: 'Hey there, big boy. What's wrong?'

'Up there,' I tell him, 'there is a son of a bitch of a pilot who is trying to teach me my job.'

Thereupon Chips voices a profound truth: 'All pilots,' says he, 'are idiots, rats and murderers. Sit down.'

They pass me some cooked onions and bread. Flies are buzzing all around us.

'I knew a pilot,' says Chips, 'who killed two men. He did not exactly kill them himself, but just the same I know it was his fault.' He touches his eye with his index finger, then his temple, showing us by this pantomime that he can think as well as he can see. He gets up and strides toward the kitchen. Night has fallen. A bright rectangle of yellow light from the open door of the kitchen falls on the black deck. Chips stands silhouetted in the door frame. With his short legs and his enormous chest he looks like a gorilla. He has no neck. His head looks as if somebody had taken it by the ears and clapped it solidly between his powerful shoulders. His square jaw seems riveted to the collar bone.

The cook is a withered man with yellow skin tightly stretched over the bones. The heat of the stoves has dried him up, almost mummified him. A corpse, one would say, all the more

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so since one cannot imagine him decomposing even once he was dead.

Chips comes back with a mug full of coffee. He drinks and passes what is left on to us. He sits down again and presently comes back to his story.

'I know it,' he says, 'because he practically killed them with my own hands.'

And suddenly he throws his hands up. They leap up from the shadow into the yellow light—hands alone, without any arms attached to them. They look like twin restless beasts. The short hairy fingers twitch like an animal's moving legs. Then they plunge back into the shadow.

Chips coughs, clearing his throat. Then he asks unexpectedly:—

'Do you know Antonio da Silva?'

'No.'

That seems to annoy him. He has his own way of telling a story, rudimentary but not without method. He never plunges into the unknown but begins with what you already know and gradually leads you to what you don't know.

'Have you been in Pernambuco?'

'Yes.'

'You know the wharves where the company's ships always dock?'

'Sure.'

'You remember where the hangars are?'

'Yes.'

'Well, behind the hangars there is a little wooden stall that sells coconuts, bananas, beer, postcards—hell, everything!'

'I know that shop.'

'Well,' he exclaims triumphantly, 'the fellow who runs it is that very Antonio da Silva!'

He falls silent and lets this revelation sink into our thick skulls, penetrate into our brains, establish itself there once for all as a fact and leave in our mind the absolute, eternal, irrevocable certainty that the fellow who sells everything in his little stall behind the hangars *is* actually Antonio da Silva. Chips follows this process of assimilation with his mind. He even gives us a few moments of grace to be quite sure that it has been completed. Then he continues:—

'About five or six years ago I was sailing in the *Ville d'Anvers*. Do you know that ship?'

'Yes!' we reply together.

'Besides carrying on his little trade, Antonio da Silva had a sideline—smuggling stowaways on board ships. We were staying in Pernambuco for a few days and I got into the habit of stopping in at Antonio's in the evening to drink a few glasses of white rum, because it was so near the ship. Once he asks me: "How'd you like to make fifteen milreis?" I tell him: "I wouldn't mind." "Good," says he, "It's as easy as that."

'I didn't say anything, as if I didn't give a hang. Antonio also kept quiet. He might have been talking about the weather, just to say something. But the next day he came back to it, so I asked him what I had to do. He said: "Well, as I already told you, it's as easy as *that!*" "Good," I said, "I'm not saying yes, and I'm not saying no. What I mean, I'm not saying either yes or no." "Very well," he answered, "we'll talk about it again."

'Another day passed and still another. He never said another word, and I acted as if I had forgotten all about it. One evening I tell him: "Well, we're off day after tomorrow at dawn." When he heard that, he got out a bottle, put his elbows on the

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counter and began to talk. As I thought, it was about stowaways. I told him that I'd think about it but that it would cost him 20 milreis; and anyhow I can't promise him anything because it's a risky business. That's how I am in business matters.

'The next morning I went to look for him. He was in his shop, smoking a large cigar and drinking fresh beer. When I saw him taking things so easy I told him that it was more dangerous than I thought and that I'd do it for thirty milreis and no less. "Oh, no," he said, "Twenty and no more." "All right," I said, "let's not talk about it any more." He said: "Twenty-two." I pretended to go away. "Twenty-five!" "All right," I said, "I'll do it for twenty-five 'cause I'm generous and seeing that it's you." That's what we agreed on; and the same evening he brought me his stowaways.

'They were two Poles who had come to Brazil to make their fortune; but they didn't make it, I reckoned, or they wouldn't be traveling like that. We drank some rum, Antonio and me, and I got into quite a good humor. Antonio remained on the wharf, keeping his eye peeled, and I went on deck with my two Poles. They had no luggage at all and their only provisions were three lemons and a bar of chocolate. Nobody noticed them among the dockers who were loading the ship. I took them for'ard very quietly and made them get down into the forepeak. My head wasn't very clear because of all the rum. I made them go as far down as they could, right down into the chainlocker. I had never been down there myself, and I didn't expect anybody to go there for some time to come since we hadn't anchored. Then I told them to make themselves as comfortable as they could on the side of the chainlocker that they liked best and to perform their natural functions on the other side—an idea that occurred to me because of all the rum I had downed.

'Then I went to see Antonio and told him that everything was all right. He rubbed his hands, this Antonio, and counted out my money. "But still," he said, "three lemons and a bar of chocolate—they've got plenty of nerve!"

By this time he had closed his shop; so I carried him off to the city and we made a night of it. It was Antonio himself who took me back to the ship afterwards, or so he says, and it must be so, because Antonio was always the gentleman. If you'd see him in a saloon with ladies, wearing a stiff collar, you'd never believe that he was keeping a stall behind the hangars; I respect him a lot for his manners.

'I woke up early the next morning, in spite of the night before. It was my sense of duty that woke me; that's the way I am. We were sailing at eight and it was just beginning to dawn. I went down to the engine room to ask about steam and drank a cup of hot coffee in the kitchen. I ought to tell you, Cook, that the coffee they served on the *Ville d'Anvers* was something entirely different from your dishwater. That coffee was made of Mocha—a fine, expensive stuff. It made me feel better. After that I shaved at the pump. . . .'

III

Chips then described to us how all the flags were flapping in the breeze: a Brazilian flag on the foremast, a

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blue Peter on the bridge, the house flag on the mainmast and the Belgian flag aft; how the sailors came slowly from their quarters, yawning and rubbing their eyes. He himself was feeling queasy and sick in spite of the coffee. Then the pilot came on board with the Old Man, who had spent the night ashore, painting the town red, for he was full of the devil in spite of his fifty-five years.

'I was there,' Chips continued, 'when the pilot came. He was a little dark fellow with a big mustache. He was smoking a cigar. He had a glass eye, and the other one had a nasty look in it. All the pilots have that look. . . .'

'A one-eyed pilot?' said the cook. 'There is no such thing. He couldn't pass medical examination.'

'This one did,' said Chips, offended. 'He had only one eye, but it was as good as yours or mine.

'At the stroke of eight—they were pretty sharp on the *Ville d'Anvers*—we hear "Stand by fore and aft!" The Old Man, the pilot and the third mate were standing on the bridge; Kroll was at the helm. D'you know Kroll?'

'Kroll,' I said, 'a big man with a broken nose?'

'Kroll,' said the cook, 'that's the one who got the stewardess of the *Neptune* in trouble, and the child was hairy all over when it was born and died soon after?'

'That's him,' said Chips. 'Well, that day he was at the helm and he'll tell you whether I'm telling the truth.

'The second mate came for'ard. As usual there was the bos'n at the windlass and I and some other fellows and we began to slide away quietly from the dock. We had almost come up between two docks when the engines stopped and we began to slip back the way we came as smoothly, like we were gliding on ice. There was not a ripple on the water and the sun was beginning to beat down.

'The second mate looks at the bridge, surprised, and the bos'n says "What's the trouble?" We could see the fellows on the bridge ahead of us, their heads and shoulders were outlined against the sky. The pilot was gesticulating and suddenly the Old Man grabs his megaphone and yells: "Stand by port anchor!" That was for me. The second mate repeats the order and I grab the lever ready to let go, and wait.

'I was sore, because I wanted to sleep more than anything else except perhaps to vomit. "Why, are we going to drop anchor?" the bos'n asked, and I said to myself: "That's right; looks so." It suddenly occurred to me that we shouldn't drop anchor—just an idea I had. I said to myself "It would be too bad if we dropped anchor. Why should they want to do such a thing? Just a crazy idea of that damned pilot. I ought to tell them they shouldn't."

'The second mate was standing near me and I said to him softly, "Wait a minute, Sir." "What is it?" he said between his teeth. "We oughtn't drop anchor," I answered. "Oughtn't drop anchor, eh? Still drunk, eh? And why not?" I myself couldn't think why not, but somehow I kept thinking that there must be some reason. Seeing double, I suppose.

'"Wait, Sir," I said, "I'll be able to tell you in a minute." He looked at me suspiciously. Meanwhile there we were still gliding back, a little slower

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now but quite helplessly. The water was gurgling a little under the bow. Otherwise everything was quiet. And suddenly I had it. I knew why we shouldn't do it. But at that very instant the order came from the bridge: "Drop anchor!"

'You know how strong habits are. You get an order and you obey without thinking about it. I let go before I knew what I was doing. At that time I was even pleased with myself because I had remembered why we shouldn't drop anchor. It goes to show that there is no connection between the things you think and the things you do. At the same time someone cried out: "It's raining!"

'And so it was. A pink rain! A fountain of water was spurting out of the hawse hole together with the chains and it was showering us with a pink rain. I knew what it was, because I had just remembered, but the others didn't understand. It was my two stowaways I had forgotten in the chainlocker.

'You should have seen their faces on the bridge! Absolutely frozen. The second mate had a big red splotch on his nice clean hat and the others were spotted like leopards! And then they all started howling, and I could see the pilot waving his arms; he was howling even louder than the others.'

'Yes,' said the cook who looks at things from a professional point of view, 'those things can certainly make mincemeat out of you. If those skunks in the company weren't so damn tight-fisted, they would have given me a meat-grinder long ago: I had one when I was working on the *Macedonian*, a good boat. Now I have to chop up my meat by hand. You made me think about it with your story. . . .'

'You don't have to mince your meat,' said Chips, 'not here, you don't; the maggots do it for you. We could have eaten that beefsteak you gave us yesterday with a spoon.

'Anyhow, nothing could be found of the stowaways except a sort of mash and some odds and ends. Not even the lemons or chocolate: a clean sweep! Nothing was left.

'I almost got into trouble because of what I had told the second mate. That threw the suspicion on me; but the Old Man wanted to hush it up because that would have meant additional reports to the company—he was a lazy bastard.

'But I talked to Kroll who was at the helm while it all happened. I asked him: "Why did we drop anchor?" "Oh," says he, "that was the pilot's idea." Then he went on to explain to me all kinds of stuff that I didn't understand: tides, currents, drifting and all that nonsense. But it was the pilot's idea! You see?'

Chips got up and stretched. We could hear his joints cracking. 'Antonio behaved like a gentleman about it. Not a word of reproach. But still a thing like that sort of gives a wrong impression in business. . . .'

And off he goes with his steady tread and disappears in the night. Up above the man at the helm rings three double bells.

'Still and all,' I say to break the silence, 'Chips must feel pretty queer about the whole thing.'

'That's what you think,' said Cook with contempt. 'He's got a thick skin. The only thing that bothers him is the food. He's always complaining.'

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One writer tells why Japan believes that her soldiers are the finest in the world; another discusses some of the strange workings of the Japanese mind.

Consider *the* Japanese

I. Training for Death

By Willard Price

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

YOU cannot assess the Japanese army numerically. Japanese officers have often protested to me with a smile that the Japanese soldier is not a whit superior mentally, morally or physically to the soldier of the West. Yet they insist that he is, in fact, "a better soldier," because, unlike other soldiers, he courts death as his greatest honor.

The training of men who will go to their doom with the unswerving directness of robots is a weird and unworldly process. It begins two thousand years before the soldier is born. Bushido has taught the Japanese race to think well of itself, and the Japanese individual to regard himself as nothing but dirt to be ground under the chariot wheels of the progress of his race. The One must give himself for the All. What better racial tradition could there be for the making of die-easy soldiers?

Active military training begins at the age of six. Boys in the first year of primary school are taught to march, drill, do the goose-step, sing war songs and marshal platoons of wooden soldiers. When they reach middle school at twelve years of age they are provided with light rifles and a uniform with brass buttons. Military instructors take them in hand and drill them thoroughly in the manual of arms. There is a parade ground and drill hall. Also there is a sacred vault containing the pictures of the Emperor and Empress, and these are taken out upon special occasions and venerated by the assembled students. There are frequent excursions to military shrines and war memorials.

Each year there are military maneuvers of schoolboys. In a recent demonstration of this sort ten thousand students participated. They were divided into two opposing 'armies,' the one intrenching itself along a river-bank, the other attacking the

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position an hour before dawn. The 'armies' were equipped with blank-loaded rifles, machine guns, grenades and field guns, and were commanded by regular army officers.

Perhaps more important than all this is 'Morals.' It is a required subject in every primary and middle school. From age six to seventeen the future soldier is drilled, not in morals as we would understand the subject, but in 'Morals' with an imperial M—loyalty to the immediate family, the larger family which is called the nation, and the Emperor who is the Father of all. This goes on until many students when asked 'What is your dearest wish?' will sincerely enough set down this answer: 'To die for my beloved Emperor.' After graduation, the Young Men's Association continues the work. It has a branch in every village, and its aim is to make patriots. Then comes conscription. The young Japanese must put forth his best effort to be conscripted, and does so, for it is considered an honor. He must first pass a stiff examination. Those who pass are further weeded down by a ballot so arranged that only one out of eight can succeed. The others are drafted into the Reserve.

The new recruits are acclaimed by the commanding officers in special ceremonies, and letters of instruction are sent to their homes so that their families may know the conduct becoming to the relatives of a soldier. His life, which has been claimed by the Emperor, they must consider before their own. They must in no circumstances be a handicap to him in the performance of his duty. Many a mother has committed suicide rather than be a burden upon her soldier-son. No great sensation was created recently when two small boys who would have no one to care for them if their father obeyed the call to active service in Manchuria bared their bodies to his sword and died with the Emperor's name on their lips.

The conscript's required two years with the colors are spent in a graduated course of hardships. Whatever topographical features the country round may possess are used to the greatest possible disadvantage. If there are mountains, they must be climbed where the climbing is hardest. If there are marshes, they must be waded. Rivers in flood are crossed by raft or improvised bridge. Deep snow is an invitation to an exhausting 'snow march.' The bitterest days in winter and the hottest in summer are seized upon as appropriate times for field exercises. When the ground is frozen, trench-digging is the order of the day.

All this is intended to give not merely physical training, but moral stamina. It does breed a fighting machine that is obtuse to discomfort, seeks always to submit itself to new tests, and looks upon self-sacrifice as the normal way of life. Or of death. Death rather than surrender is no platitude in the Japanese army but a strict rule of conduct. To be taken prisoner is 'a dishonor of the greatest magnitude.' During the Shanghai incident, Major Koga, lying unconscious on the field, was taken prisoner. When released he went to a military shrine and committed *seppuku*. Fellow officers approved, in spite of the fact that his capture had been no fault of his own. General Araki praised Koga as a hero. 'Whatever the circumstances,' he declared, 'one cannot expect to live after being taken prisoner by the enemy.'

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It is always a simple matter in the Japanese army to get volunteers to serve as human bombs, or to ride within torpedoes to certain death, or to wedge their bodies into the muzzles of cannon so that the obstruction may blow the artillery to bits before it may fall into the hands of the enemy. This does not mean that the Japanese soldier is braver than any other. It is the natural outcome of the ever-preached doctrine of self-immolation for the public good.

Because the army is the chief exponent of this doctrine of sacrifice it has some right to be called, as University students have solemnly described it to me, 'the greatest spiritual force in Japan.' The army is Japan's Church and religion. Buddhism is weak in comparison. As for Shinto, it has become largely identified with the army. When some Christian students objected to bowing before Shinto shrines the Education Minister issued a statement to the effect that such obeisance was not to be interpreted as an act of religion, but of patriotism. He might have said, 'the religion of patriotism.'

The army is the will of the nation. While deeply sympathetic with the people, the military appear to believe as Hegel did that 'the people is that portion of the State that does not know what it wills.' Benignly and boldly the army thinks for the people. Is it best for the people to have Manchuria? The army decides. The army and navy are responsible to no Parliament or Cabinet. They are answerable to the throne alone. They are in a peculiar sense the people's high priests to the God-Emperor.

'The cherry is the best of flowers, the soldier the best of men.' So runs the Japanese proverb, and so also runs the conviction of the average citizen. The Chinese consider their best too good to put into the army; the Japanese consider that no one can fully measure up to this sacred trust.

They provide their defender with modern military equipment and a perfectly useless sword. And the sword is more important than all the modern machinery of war. It clanks and rattles like something real, but it is actually a psychological sword, a sword of the spirit, the sword of Galahad. It may never be unsheathed, yet it gives the soldier power over his enemies. It is the old samurai symbol of devotion and sacrifice. With it beside him he feels that his strength is as the strength of ten; because the honor of bearing it permits him no thought except the service of his Emperor, and its sharp blade assures him of death rather than dishonor.

II. The Mind of Japan

By Wilbur Burton

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

SEVERAL Western opinions about Dai Nippon do that land a grave injustice. For example, there is a common Western idea, especially in liberal circles, that the Japanese press has as little liberty as the press of Germany or Russia. Actually, the Japanese press is the freest in the world—for scandal.

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There are, to be sure, such limitations on the freedom of the press as libel laws, but they are never really enforced, as many an indignant foreigner has discovered. But the Japanese press is not so chauvinistic as to confine its exposures to foreigners; the Premier himself is no less immune than the most unworthy 'outer barbarian' in having the minutest details of his private life bared to the public. Thus, when Okada was Premier—before the February 26, 1936, uprising—the press almost daily carried stories of his incredible capacity for *sake* (a potent rice wine drunk hot) and some of the effects therefrom. Nor were such stories confined to the 'penny' journals; instead, they appeared most frequently in such organs as *Nichi Nichi* and *Asahi*, which have as much prestige in Japan as the London *Times* in England and far more circulation.

The following item (the translation is that of a Tokyo press agency) is gleaned from *Nichi Nichi:* 'Premier Okada, who several days ago boasted of insensibility to pain more greater than that of King Kong, declaring that any criticism directed against him would be just a splash of water against the face of a crocodile, was present at yesterday's Cabinet meeting; but after it was over, he went to bed and stayed there for the rest of the day. It was found that he had drunk *sake* excessively in celebrating the end of the Diet session.

'Mr. Shigeru Yoshida, the Cabinet Secretary, commented: "*Sake* is telling even on the face of a crocodile."'

Another item on Premier Okada's *sake* drinking comes from *Asahi*. 'Premier Okada every night enjoys sipping a large bottle of *sake*, but he does not care whether the *sake* he is served is worth 20 sen or 80 sen. If the bottle contains *sake* of whatever quality, he is satisfied and sips the whole bottle with his face beaming with smiles.'

Who can say after that that Japan has not achieved real democracy?

Another outstanding item in the press of those days related to the hormone injections being taken by the aged and late Finance Minister Takahashi. *Nichi Nichi* once reported that Mr. Takahashi, while commenting on the age of a colleague in the Cabinet, 'looked as if he were proud of the effect of the hormone injections he receives.'

Since the assassination of Takahashi in the February 26th uprising, *Asahi* has brought to light the efforts of other eminent statesmen to find the Fountain of Youth:—

'Less well known to the general public, perhaps, than the hormone injections of the late Finance Minister Korekiyo Takahashi or the geranium nepalese tonic of Mr. Chuji Machida, President of the Minseito, Education Minister Hatsusaburo Hirao, too, has an elixir of youth, the secret of which has been imparted to him by an old man in Sumiyoshi, Osaka, who has lived to a great age by the virtue of the medicine, so the story runs.

'The preparation is made of unhulled rice, black soya beans and yellow sesame roasted ground and mixed in equal parts. To this is added the medicinal herb *galana*, found in the South Seas, and the mixture is drunk in the morning coffee, one teaspoonful per cup.

'Mr. Iwai, the Education Minister's secretary, was urged to try it, but he took it at night by mistake and all

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night he tossed about in bed, unable to sleep on account of the drug's stimulating effect. This seems a proof of the efficacy of Mr. Hirao's tonic.'

II

Another popular Western idea about the Japanese is that they are not original but merely imitative. Actually, they are in many ways the most original people in the world. For example, no Western country can boast of such profound rules of conduct as the following from the list of regulations laid down by the Tourist Industry Board for the behavior of waitresses in dealing with foreign guests:—

'Don't ask a foreigner's age unless you absolutely must.

'Light pranks add zest to your service, but don't pull their ears.

'Don't go as far as the door when you direct foreigners to the lavatory.

'Don't go into the bathroom when foreigners are bathing to ask whether the temperature of the water is just right or to help them wash themselves.

'To foreign ladies large napkins should be offered to hide their knees when sitting.'

Further originality is displayed in the current campaign inaugurated in preparation for the 1940 Olympic Games in Tokyo to protect Japanese womanhood against foreigners who might take too seriously Kipling's dictum about there being no Ten Commandments east of Suez. 'Immoral foreigners' will be promptly deported, and the Tokyo Metropolitan Police has ruled that an 'immoral foreigner' is one 'who at any time has relations with more than one woman.' Further: 'Attention will be drawn to the evils of relations with foreigners of this type in lectures at girls' schools.' (These quotations are taken from a report issued by *Domei*, the one official Japanese news agency.)

Another common Western misconception is that the Japanese are lacking in both sense of humor and philosophic profundity. Actually their humor is very airy, as may be shown by a report in the *Miyako* when the revered Mr. Mamoru Shigemitsu, who lost a leg in a Korean bombing episode in Shanghai in 1932, was sent to Moscow this winter as Ambassador:—

'Notables in the Foreign Office who are acquainted with Moscow in winter have been sitting in conference discussing how to prevent the international catastrophe of having the distinguished one-legged Ambassador marking his glorious first step in the Red capital by an acrobatic act over the slippery pavement of Moscow Station before the eyes of Soviet dignitaries because of his cane slipping.

'Some of the suggestions decided on to be recommended to Ambassador Shigemitsu are: to have his attendants spray sand over the pavement and to attach a spike at the end of his cane as in skiing.'

One of the most philosophic of all Japanese statesmen is Mr. Eiji Amau, chief of the information bureau of the Foreign Office and the official spokesman for the foreign press. According to *Nichi Nichi*, Mr. Amau has ' . . . equipped his newly-built foreign-style house with curtains made of rayon. The rayon curtains looked very beautiful, even exceeding the beauty of natural silk.

'Seized by rayon-mania, Mr. Amau tells every friend he meets: "Say, rayon is wonderful."

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'Asked why he takes such a fancy to rayon, Mr. Amau replies: "Rayon is like the wife. It is of good quality and cheap."'

Nor is either fun or spirituality neglected by Nipponese statesmen. In the realm of the former is the following report from *Fiji:* 'Mr. Gyoji Arai, chief of the Bureau of Transportation of the Railways Ministry, is notorious for fun and mischief. At a recent Bonenkwai (year-end drinking spree) Mr. Arai held tight the head of Mr. Shinya Uchida, Railways Minister, with his hands and began licking Mr. Uchida's head.

'Even the Railways Minister, who is himself a noted mischief-maker, was defeated. Mr. Uchida gave a cry and ran away. Mr. Uchida immediately ordered a bottle of alcohol and had his head well cleaned.

'Even this disinfection failed to satisfy Mr. Uchida who was afraid if Mr. Arai's licking would not give him a bald head.'

In the line of the spiritual is the vocal treatment for ills by Dr. Baba, Finance Minister in the recently fallen Cabinet. Reporters covering a Cabinet meeting were once startled by loud yells of 'Ei! Yat!' by Dr. Baba when he was closeted with Foreign Minister Arita. The explanation was subsequently supplied by the *Yomiuri:*—

'Finance Minister Baba is noted for his spiritual treatment of illness. The other day when a dinner was given by Foreign Minister Arita at his official residence in honor of members of the foreign diplomatic corps, the wife of the Rumanian Minister suddenly addressed Mr. Baba: "I understand you cured Mr. Arita of his illness by applying a mesmerizing treatment with a yell. How is the treatment? Tell us something about it."

'Unable to express his treatment in full in adequate English, Mr. Baba replied on the spot thus: "It is very mysterious and I cannot state it simply here. But you must read in the Bible of the miracle of Christ having cured patients. My practice is just like that."

'Much impressed by the explanation, the wife of the Rumanian Minister said: "Is that so? Then you are a doctor as well as Finance Minister. You will be able to cure financial ills."

'It was Mr. Baba's turn to be impressed by her witty words.'

Meanwhile, it is certainly time for all of us to be impressed by the mind of Japan.

Mussolini and His Disciples

War is to man what maternity is to woman.
—*Mussolini*

It is in war that a people's soul is forged.
—*General Mola*

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A score-sheet of the rivalry among the Powers for influence in Brazil.

Brazil's Foreign Suitors

By HENRI HAUSER

Translated from *Europe Nouvelle*
Paris Political Weekly

AS a foreigner I shall not probe too deeply into the mysteries of Brazilian politics; but as a European I believe that I am in a position to examine the influences which are exercised from abroad upon Brazilian life and which help to shape this nation of forty-five million souls. To the eyes of the newcomer the influence which seems to predominate is that of North America. Our old scholastic education —which is often a screen between us and reality— has implanted in our minds a simple and seemingly clear concept of the New World: since Brazil is in the Western Hemisphere she must, therefore, be overwhelmingly influenced by the United States.

The first sight of Brazil at Rio de Janeiro seems to support this view. There are too many skyscrapers, with elevators running up 12, 14 and 20 stories, street cars jangling their sonorous weight of iron, buses running at top speed and infecting the sea-air with the horrible fumes of burnt gasoline so that one almost thinks that he is on the Hudson River or in Michigan. The triumph of Hollywood can be seen in the cluster of movie houses on the Avenue Rio Branco called *Cinelandia*.

So much for the scenery. Let us look briefly at political influence. Jefferson is one of the godfathers of the Brazilian independence and the Monroe Doctrine has defended the growing nation against all attempts to restore the monarchy. In 1889 the Brazilian Republic was cut on the Yankee pattern. Brazilian statesmen, even those who were imbued with French culture, like Ruy Barboza, tried to copy the nation builders of Washington. The resemblance they achieved is merely superficial; in reality, the President of Brazil is entirely different from the landlord of the White House. An accurate description of the régime is 'presidentialism'—a dictatorship seasoned by periodical revolutions. *His Majesty the President* is the name of a book written

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by one American about the constitutional system of Brazil.

Mr. Afranio Peixoto, an outstanding expert in Brazilian affairs, has taken pains to trace the course of North American influence after the downfall of the Empire. At first there was a period of enthusiasm. When Eduardo Prato wrote his courageous book, *The American Illusion*, the Brazilian Government suppressed the first edition as a public menace. No one was allowed to disturb the 'Holy Ark' of Americanism, which was by and by to become Pan-Americanism. A Bureau of American Republics was erected on 'Government ground,' in Washington. Uncle Sam proclaimed himself the natural protector of these minor republics against Europeans, whom he suspected of fomenting revolts in Brazil and elsewhere.

But there came a day when Pan-Americanism threatened to become a philosophy of the 'big stick,' when the Monroe Doctrine took on an entirely different color and began to stand for the domination of the Star Spangled Banner. Brazil did not wish to continue to be a ward any longer even though her guardian insisted that it was all for her own good. Then at the Buenos Aires Conference the guardian tried to unite his wards in the 'League of Continental Neutrality,' an alliance which was not, of course, directed against Europe, but which would nevertheless have isolated them from Europe. It soon became apparent that the South Atlantic Ocean was narrower than the North Atlantic.

Politely but resolutely, South America said 'No' to that kind of Pan-Americanism and even to Continentalism. Brazil did not lead this revolt against the United States but she did support the policy of Argentina, and refused to join in the crusade for isolation. This decline in Uncle Sam's paternal political influence had been preceded in the minds of South Americans by the waning of what Mr. Peixoto calls 'exaggerated pro-Americanism.' There was a time when American writers and philosophers, notably Emerson and Walt Whitman, reigned supreme in Brazil, when São Paulo accepted only Yankee engineers and Rio recognized only American universities.

Today the motion pictures are helping the Americans to regain some part of the lost ground, and the Yankees are defending themselves in other ways. The professors of Columbia University, in the name of intellectual Monroeism, claim the two Americas as their private garden.

Yankee influence still remains strong in the material field. The biggest business concerns in Brazil are American, although a few are Canadian. Enormous investments have been made by Wall Street. Established French firms find themselves forced to sell only the Ford and the General Motors automobiles, though it must be admitted that these are the only cars that seem able to stand up under the severe tests of Brazil's roads, plains and forests.

The United States is Brazil's principal market. Year in and year out she absorbs 50 per cent of all Brazilian exports. She takes 54 per cent of Brazil's coffee and a higher percentage of the better grades. As coffee is Brazil's greatest export one can imagine how much her welfare depends on the United States market. Besides, the United States buys 80 per cent of

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Brazil's cocoa, and 83 per cent of her rubber. The American market for sugar and tobacco has been lost because of the preferential treatment that has recently been given to Cuba, yet the trade in other products is so great that Brazil cannot exist without Uncle Sam's dollars.

II

Nevertheless Brazil has for some time resented her economic domination by North America. The remarkable growth of commercial relations with New York and the development of air communication by Pan American Airways have not prevented her from turning toward Europe and from being increasingly proud of her Latin heritage. 'During the past few years,' observes Mr. Peixoto, 'we have forgotten how to speak English, a language which at one time was very much in favor. This influence has been replaced little by little by that of France, whose language, being easier, has even penetrated into the field of literature.' We might add that French is coming to be more widely used in business. It is because of her language that France continues to enjoy a favorable position in Brazil which cannot be justified either by the rather small number of her nationals or by her small commercial enterprises.

The two French *lycées* at Rio and São Paulo are flourishing and have about a thousand pupils. The *Alliance Française*, which has about two thousand pupils in Rio and a thousand in São Paulo, reaches not only the middle classes but even the proletariat. Our success in education excites much jealousy among the other foreign nations. But the picture is not entirely bright. The repeated falls of the milreis and France's long retention of the gold standard have caused ambitious Brazilian students to forget the road to Paris and Bordeaux. The almost complete insolvency of our radio service and the absence of French films lessen the desire of young Brazilians to learn a language which they hear so seldom. They find our books too expensive to buy and so are subjected to odious propaganda and misinformation from other sources. When Brazil was dominated by the terror of the 'Red Peril' after the last revolution, our enemies spread a rumor that France had gone Bolshevik and that the French who came to visit Brazil were all Soviet agents.

France, however, is not the only representative of Latin culture. Italy's influence, particularly in São Paulo, is considerable because of her immigrants, who numbered almost 1½ millions in the last fifty years. If the stream of immigration has been somewhat stemmed, Italian propaganda has been superbly managed by the Fascists. Last year courses in Italian were offered free of charge to all the schools in Rio which desired them. Where these courses were accepted a grammar and a book of selections from Italian literature were given to each registered pupil. The Italian Government has sent missions, first thirty and then fifty young men, which were greeted with great ceremony and with speeches praising Italy and Il Duce. The Italians publish their own newspapers and provide a news service for the Brazilian press. They have their own cultural institute and their own chairs at the University of São Paulo. Just now they are taking advantage of the political unrest which the

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Spanish Civil War has caused in Brazil. They preach the Fascist viewpoint and turn the minds of the Brazilians against France, whom they portray as the standard bearer of Communism.

Italy is one of the countries which buys much coffee from Brazil, but her imports have been steadily declining. They dropped from 900,000 bags in 1931 to 500,000 in 1934, and in time they may virtually disappear. Italian propaganda made Brazilians approve of the conquest of Ethiopia. They will not realize until later that Ethiopia will be their competitor. At present Italian prestige remains high because of the efficient service of her steamship lines.

III

While Italy might be able to persuade Brazilians that Italian is just as good an instrument of Latin culture as French, Germany has not that asset. Few Brazilian students know the German, and German professors and lecturers in São Paulo are obliged to speak French when they do not succeed in expressing themselves in garbled Portuguese.

German newspapers published in Brazil are read only by Germans. But we must not forget that more than 150,000 Germans settled in Brazil during the last century and established compact and prosperous colonies in the states of Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catarina. The Brazilians of German extraction are now organized and supervised by Nazi propaganda just as the Italians are by the Fascist. The German Embassy has arranged for the publication of the German newspapers in Portuguese editions and supports new illustrated reviews in which to sing the Führer's praises and hail him as the maintainer of peace and civilization's greatest bulwark against Bolshevism. The Brazilians are told that Hitler will even save France from the horrors of Communism and that Franco will aid him in that task.

The strength of this propaganda was particularly evident at the time of the Olympic games. The German travel bureaus in Rio, German banks, German stores and business houses having any connection with Germany filled their display windows with lures to travel and study in Germany, to trade with Germany. This campaign was very effective. How many Brazilians, even among the intellectuals, came back from the Games more or less Germanized, full of admiration for German science, German discipline and most indulgent toward Nazism? Since then innumerable articles, prospectuses and pamphlets continue to magnify Hitler and his régime.

Other factors contribute to Germany's prestige. There is the *Graf Zeppelin*, which flies majestically over Rio, and which on each five-day trip brings from Germany its load of passengers and merchandise; there is the Luft-Hansa which, with its Condor planes launched by catapults at Bathurst and Recife, affords punctual delivery of trans-oceanic mails. Besides, there are a few liners which compete with the English and Italian and one of which is famed for its luxury. These things intrigue the imagination of the people and enlist admirers for the Swastika.

It is true that Hamburg is no longer the greatest market for Brazil's coffee, as it was before 1914. A high tariff has served to reduce the amount of coffee

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imported into Germany. Tobacco and cocoa have fared better. Altogether, Brazil's exports to Germany, which amountd to 265,000 contos in 1930, increased to 453,000 contos in 1934; while imports from Germany during the same period rose from 267,000 contos to 350,000 contos. These included metallurgical and chemical products, electrical equipment, ceramics and toys, despite Japanese competition.

As for Great Britain, she still cuts a grand figure in Brazil. She can no longer look upon Brazil as a commercial colony, as she did during the last century. She no longer bothers to drain the Amazonian forests since so many of the rubber groves have been replaced by unhealthy plantations. But she is still represented among the great business concerns, although not to the same extent as the United States. While most of the great power and light companies are Canadian rather than English, many important foundries are British-controlled, as are the great mining companies, particularly those operating in the Minas Geraes goldfields. British engineers still play an important rôle in the development of the country. The cotton and coffee plantations are also in British hands.

Neo-protectionism and the Ottawa Agreement have reduced Great Britain's importance as a buyer of Brazilian products, but London remains an important market for Brazil's coffee, fruits and beef. From Great Britain Brazil buys coal, cotton goods, in the manufacture of which considerable progress has been made at home, metallurgical and chemical products.

Great Britain's position therefore remains very strong and serves to combat the Americanization of Brazil. Up to the present time the British have not tried to exert any considerable cultural influence. They are now attempting to encourage the study of English among that part of the population which is interested in commerce. Last year certain British authorities politely consulted the directors of the *Alliance Française* in order to learn and imitate the methods of the *Alliance*. There are English as well as American colleges at Rio, but the British do not seem to be concerned with extending the knowledge of their literature or with promoting intellectual ties with the Brazilian élite. Nor does Britain appear to exercise any direct political influence. Her interest is confined rather strictly to commercial affairs.

These are the principal foreign influences that affect Brazilian life. Still others—Belgian, Polish, Japanese and, above all, the Argentine—have not been dealt with. My purpose has been only to show how Brazil appears at present to be wavering on the one hand between the powerful influence of the United States and her own European tendencies and, on the other hand, between the totalitarian countries, whose organization and propaganda impress her, and the democratic countries to which she is linked by temperament and tradition.

Brazil, like all growing peoples, desires to shake off every semblance of foreign control. Her impatient nationalism will very shortly tolerate only such foreign influence as is at once friendly and discreet. In the future any foreign country which desires to influence her will have to take the pains to understand her.

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These fighters give no quarter: the English game cock and the Indian bee.

Belligerent Creatures

I. English Cock-Fighting

From the *Morning Post*, London Conservative Daily

THE old English pastime of 'cock-fighting' is once again in the limelight. There seems to be a general impression that, so far as England is concerned, cock-fighting now takes place only in certain secluded hills and dales in the Northern counties, at which all the local pitmen forgather to back their fancies; and the R.S.P.C.A. is offering a reward of £100 for information leading to arrests, whilst airplanes are to be used to detect these gatherings on the moors.

Actually the real home of cock-fighting is in the Southern counties, and the 'Cockers,' who now are not a very numerous community, breed their birds on their own farms and estates. 'Mains,' which is the term used for a series of cock-fights, are arranged from time to time, and these take place not in some secluded valley as is popularly supposed but in the barn of an isolated farm, or occasionally in some large house, the home of a sporting patron. The general public is, of course, rigidly excluded, as absolute secrecy is essential, and the gathering consists solely of the owners of the birds and possibly a few of their friends who have obliged by 'walking' cocks.

The cock-fighting fraternity comes from all classes—Peers of the Realm, retired officers, farmers, millers, shopkeepers, etc., and unless one happens to notice in the pens of their poultry yards certain small, highly-colored cocks instead of the ordinary Rhode Island or Wyandotte roosters, one would not suspect that they were addicts of that very unpopular and much-discredited sport.

There is far more in the breeding of game cocks than the average person imagines. In the first place, the birds must be from absolutely pure stock in every respect, for the slightest trace of barn-door blood will show in a fight, and the cock will run at the first touch of the spur. The strains from which the birds are bred have been jealously kept intact for certainly one hundred and fifty years and possibly for very

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much longer, for pens of certain breeds have been handed down from father to son for generations. The birds used are not the heavy Indian Game but are of the old English type, the best known of which are the Black-Breasted Red, Red Horse, Irish Gray, Pile, and Blue Dun.

In a 'main' there will be probably six to eight competitors, and lots will be drawn to decide how the matches shall be fought. They may decide to fight five cocks each with a £2 bet on each battle and £10 on the 'main' or best of the five fights.

The cocks are brought out of their traveling pens and weighed, for in the cock-fighting world a heavy-weight is not matched against a feather, and the rule is give or take two ounces and no more. The birds are then 'cut out,' *i.e.*, the tail and wings clipped short, and the wing and neck hackles snipped away to offer less hold to the opponent in the clinch. The steel 'spurs' are then attached, and these consist of a sharp spike on a metal socket affixed to a strip of soft leather. The socket fits over the stump of the natural spur, which has been cut off on the bird's reaching maturity, and the leather is then lashed round the leg with a piece of bass.

The 'spur' has to be most carefully adjusted, for if set too wide the cock will miss with every stroke, and if too close he will drive the spur through the back of his own head.

The ring, which is eight feet square, consists of a strip of calico six inches wide stretched on uprights, and the floor is covered with a piece of old carpet. When the birds are placed in the ring they may attack immediately, especially if they have been close to each other prior to the fight; or they may for a few seconds spar for an opening by pretending to be engaged in scratching busily for corn—a very obvious ruse, as their glittering eyes are fixed upon their opponent the whole time. There is, however, no question of urging or forcing the birds to fight, as it is their natural instinct to attack any member of their own sex on sight.

The actual fighting is done entirely with the spur, the beak being used merely to obtain a hold or to interfere with the eyes of the opponent; and the strokes are delivered either by the bird springing upward and slightly backward and then hitting out with both legs, or by a clear leap over the head of the other cock, with a backward kick at the skull in passing. If the fight lasts for some time the birds will become exhausted, and the weaker one will probably 'run for wind'—that is to say, he will trot slowly round the ring, with the other bird following him and trying to get in a blow, which is practically impossible. This 'running for wind' is a very different matter from running for fear, because the retreating cock is merely trying to get back his wind, hoping at the same time to catch his opponent off his guard. After the bird has run for half a minute or so he will try a *ju-jutsu* stroke—jerk the head of his enemy forward with his beak in the direction he is going and follow it up with a downward stroke of the spur.

The steel 'spur,' which has given cock-fighting its bad name, according to the 'Cocker,' is used to make the sport less cruel. The game cock will fight to the death, whatever happens, and if a battle takes place with the natural spur, it will not only last for hours, occasionally for days, but the

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winning bird will usually be so battered that he will not survive. By using the steel spur a fight is over usually in ten minutes or less, and the winner will live to fight again or retire to his pen to reproduce his species.

It is, however, difficult to find any valid excuses for cock-fighting; in common with most blood sports it requires a vivid imagination to discover satisfactory justification. All that one can say in its favor is that it has preserved from inevitable extinction a very wonderful and beautiful bird, and for this all fly fishermen should feel grateful, as it is hard to say where the fly-tiers would find their material for hackles if the Old English Blue Dun ceased to exist.

The 'Cocker's' case in defense of his sport is that it consists of allowing to fight two birds who are not only willing to do so but who are definitely pining to exercise their natural instinct. The game cock will, and frequently does, fly over the wire of his pen and walk half a mile to some bird he has heard offering a challenge.

II. Tea Pests

By Tursa

From *Blackwood's Magazine*, Edinburgh Literary Monthly

OF ALL the many and sometimes vicious pests of the tea-planted area, the hornet, and his smaller but more abundant half-cousin, the tree bee, together top the list. The hornet I refer to is the largest of the many branches of the bee and wasp family that are attracted in such countless swarms to the expansive forests along the Northeastern frontier of India—the tea-growing belt. He is a big fellow about two inches long, in color a highly polished jet-black, with a repellent-looking orange-gold ring, a quarter of an inch in width, encircling the middle of his abdomen. The natives call him *Aringal*, and he is absolute and undisputed monarch of the region he chooses to make his domain.

The tree bee is, I suppose, a member of one of the fifteen hundred varieties of that family, but in shape, size, and petulance he has a much greater resemblance to the slender-waisted wasp, and is a spreader of much fear. The gold-banded hornet will only make use of his ferocious stinging abilities when thoroughly annoyed; whereas the tree bee, for no apparent reason, will swoop down in attacking thousands and chase you for your life. These brown and white striped bees have a thin narrow body about an inch long, and go about in immense swarms, making their hives on the branches of the highest and most inaccessible trees. The large and heavy triangular combs, a yard in width at the base, and covered with a crawling mass of busy workers, hang from the under side of the spreading branches of the simul trees in festoons of a dozen colonies or more.

Early one hot sunny morning I was riding unconcernedly along a dusty cart-track a couple of miles from the garden factory, when, without the least warning, I found myself the center of a furious assault from the air. When, some weeks later, I had

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sufficiently recovered from 'what I was about to receive,' and could more thoroughly reconstruct the incident, I realized that at the moment of drawing their attack I had been riding underneath a cluster of stately simul trees containing well over a score of these hanging swarms. My entry on the scene of battle must have coincided with the larva-hunting attack of several kites on the combs just overhead, and as the outraged swarms so often do, they had declared war on everything within reach.

In any case, I was riding along at a hand canter, making toward the breakfast that awaited my arrival at the bungalow, and as I was lightly clothed in a thin white shirt, stockings, and a pair of khaki shorts, the bees found little difficulty in immediately penetrating my flimsy armor and pushing their stings home on my person, not to mention the unoffending horse I was riding, Souvenir. The sky above and around us had become thick with bees. They came at us in thousands, and with an icy shiver tingling down the whole length of my spine and the instant urge to seek less exciting surroundings, I put the pony to a gallop. Flight seemed our only hope of safety, but good goer though Souvenir was, his speed availed us nothing; the bees had a set purpose and were after us in real earnest.

Stings administered by the score sent the panic-stricken Souvenir into frantic gyrations to rid himself of the swarming bees and of me. He jumped, bucked, reared, and lashed out in all directions while I, attempting to protect my face and limbs as much as possible, had the greatest difficulty in retaining my saddle. In a very few moments his violent antics successfully got rid of me. An angry buck while turning a corner of the winding cart-track at full gallop, and I was thrown headlong and heavily into the dusty road.

II

Souvenir must have reached home by the time I had collected my scattered senses. With little less than a mile to the factory and safety, I began to leg it with a far greater determination than I had ever done in my life before. But during that short interlude in the dust I had become covered from head to foot with bees; they crawled in thousands all over me, stinging like fury. I got up and ran, already mad with pain. The underrim of my topee—luckily the chinstrap had remained unbroken and had saved my head in the fall—was fast developing into an angry hive, where they clustered inches deep. My forehead, ears, and the back of my neck were blanketed in a buzzing, stinging swab of agony. Bees fell inside my open-necked shirt and crawled up my unprotecting shorts; they were everywhere. I tore them away in handfuls, but only to make room for the others that were about me in clouds.

I was soon winded and more or less in a condition of collapse, and as I staggered on I yelled frantically to distant workers to come to my aid; but they, seeing my plight and the cause of my most unusual antics, bolted wholesale in every direction but mine. Discouraged by the retreat of all whom I approached—although it was the only natural and sensible thing for them to do—I plodded on with difficulty, gasping for breath. Each time I opened my swollen mouth to gasp for air, more bees entered,

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until my tongue was stung to twice its normal size, and I was crunching them with my teeth. My nostrils had swollen into uselessness; my eyes, stung and running with water as if a fire had passed across them, were rapidly closing, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that I managed to keep to the road.

Stumbling weakly into the factory compound, I groped my way towards a building that was then in course of erection. Being quite speechless, I tried by signs to get help from the score or so men that were working there. As soon as they saw the angrily droning battle array that was accompanying me, they too downed tools and made off at top speed for the nearest cover, taking everyone else in sight with them. Truly I felt very much alone in a desperately hard world. There were, no doubt, many amongst those distant onlookers who ardently desired to come to my help, but with the certainty of being half-killed themselves, there was no alternative for them but to remain inactive spectators. So I staggered on alone.

My only hope of salvation lay in plunging into the large water-supply tank that I knew was somewhere near —if only I could find it—but I was absolutely done, and doubted if I should ever have sufficient strength to reach it unaided. I was now a pitiful specimen, blind and deaf, and only able to breathe through my parched and swollen mouth with extreme difficulty. Scrambling about with unseeing eyes ended by my falling unexpectedly into a huge heap of something soft and powdery, which I guessed correctly must be the great mound of powdered red brick-dust (*sourki*) which in India is used for building purposes. Into this yielding heap I burrowed madly until my head and shoulders were covered, but any respite I had wished for here was short-lived, and I quickly found myself, if that were possible, in a worse quandary than ever.

Brick-dust was soon choking out of me what little life I had remaining, and the angry swarm with victory within sight were not slow in concentrating a renewed attack on my scantily clad lower regions, which were laboriously engaged just then in an energetic attempt to extricate my upper portion from the dust heap. Under different circumstances my attitude, from a spectator's point of view, must have been an extremely funny one; for besides the bees, I was smothered from head to foot in bright red brick-dust; but at the moment it could hardly be termed a laughing matter, at least as far as I was concerned.

I could stand the unequal struggle no longer, and choosing the lesser of the two evils, wherewith there was at least the flicker of a fighting chance, I withdrew from the *sourki* and used my last spark of remaining strength in a search for the elusive water-tank. Staggering about in circles, I tore bees from my face and crushed them in handfuls, until my muddled thoughts gave way and I went down in a state of coma, powerless to defend myself. The bees had won.

After what seemed a life-time, a new and equally unpleasant sensation began to creep over me, and I became surrounded by a great heat. I could neither see, hear, nor smell this new addition to the nightmare, but presently I faintly felt the touch of human hands as my rescuers, whoever they

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were, hurried me away to safety. The reaction proved to be stronger than my battered condition could bear, and I passed out.

III

My timely rescue had been accomplished through the quick-witted action of two Ghurkas, who, instead of running for cover like everyone else, shouted to their fellow-workers to follow them to the thatch stack. Racing toward me with bundles of this tall, dry, inflammable grass, they quickly surrounded me with a dense wall of fire and smoke which they kept going until those bees that were in the air were beaten off. I have to thank those two stout little men from the jungles of Nepal for the manner in which they tackled the job, otherwise the persistent attacks on my face and throat must in the end have meant death by strangulation.

As I lay unconscious in bed under the protection of a large mosquito-net —for numbers of angry bees were still about—and while the district was being anxiously scoured for the services of the doctor, those two staunch little yellow men, who had helped to carry me in, insisted upon remaining. They passed the time extracting stings from my inflated and mauled carcass, and were deputed by the medico after his inspection to carry on the good work to completion. It took the better part of two days to free my body of the majority of the discarded stings, and the thousands that still clung to the cloth of my topee left me with an unusual souvenir. When, eventually, I recovered consciousness and found myself being systematically pawed all over, I was beamingly informed by my poison extractors and volunteers who had been enlisted from among my servants that I had had at least two thousand punctures. It was a record, some of them thought, and they were actually completing a tally of the score in an endeavor to prove it.

I was certainly in a sorry plight, a human pin-cushion in fact, or the nearest approach to one I ever wish to be, and I lay in torment for several days unable to turn or move about. My body, blown up like an oversized sausage, was black, blue, and purple, and as hard as a frozen carcass of meat. For several days I could only see and speak with the greatest difficulty, and it took many applications of anti-swelling lotions before what had once been my nose and ears again emerged from the general mess. My friend the doctor diagnosed the case rightly when he called me a chunk of 'bleeding' mutton, and when I was allowed to see my once bright countenance reflected in the looking-glass, I could do little else but fully agree. But I owe a great deal to his constant skill and attention during the days that followed; for it was some time before he could sufficiently reduce my temperature and pull me round to enable me to undertake the long journey to Calcutta and hospital. Convalescence was a lengthy business of some six months, with a spell at the Tropical School of Medicine, several weeks in the cool of the hills at Darjeeling, and a sea trip to Penang and Singapore. When I returned to my old haunts I could never forget my encounter with angry bees sufficiently to refrain from ducking and looking for the nearest available cover whenever the droning swarms passed overhead, as they did almost daily during the hot weather.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Circular Progress

GERMANY at present is in a very anomalous position. Her people are the best scholars in Europe, but they are without political freedom; they know nothing practically of representative self-government. . . . Government—paternal government—is carried to a revolting extent. Absolute Ministers dictate to the people—a full-grown adult people—what they shall read. Only a certain number of foreign newspapers can enter Prussia. The press is submitted to censorship . . . Schönlein, Oken, Arnold—names which, pronounced before a German student, make his countenance light up with recollections of glowing thoughts and revelations of Nature—the most illustrious men have been driven, for liberal opinions, from their natural spheres—from the unnatural country, of which they were the glory, and are the shame.

—*British Annals of Medicine*
of April 21, 1837.

Göttingen Anniversary

'Critic,' a staff columnist of the *New Statesman and Nation* has the following comment to make on the Göttingen celebration that is to take place on June 30th:—

Last year the German authorities celebrated the centenary of Heidelberg University on June 30th, though the date had no precise historical relevance. This year they are doing the same thing for Göttingen, though Göttingen was actually founded in 1734 and reopened on September 17th, 1737. The object of choosing June 30th is apparently to lend an air of respectability to a date which is now associated only with murder. Perhaps we may regard the celebrations as a synthetic occasion—a joint commemoration of the murders of June 30th and of a really very memorable event that occurred not in 1737, but in 1837. For it was in 1837 that seven professors of Göttingen, known as *Die Göttinger Sieben*, were expelled for protesting against the King of Hanover's action in revoking the Liberal Constitution of 1833. The seven professors were all eminent scholars; they included the brothers Grimm.

To celebrate the intellectual independence and courage of these professors a hundred years ago would certainly be apt. Fifty-two members of the staff of Göttingen have been expelled by the Nazis for political reasons. I do not know whether Herr Rust, who is Minister of Education and who is primarily responsible for the elimination of learning in Göttingen and other German Universities, would wish to call people's attention to the fact that more than 1,600 scholars, suspected of liberalism or of a taint of Jewish blood, have been turned out of their posts by his Government. On second thoughts, I doubt if Herr Rust would mind at all, for he ended his address at the Heidelberg centenary last year with these words: 'The old idea of science, based on the belief of the abstract intellect, is finished. The new science has nothing in common with the conception that its honor lies in the everlasting nature of a search for truth.'

I should add that Herr Rust, who, as Minister of Education, so decisively rejects the intellectual search for truth as the function of science, has himself a very odd scholastic record. As a schoolmaster he showed such obvious signs of mental instability that doctors pronounced him as 'irresponsible.' He therefore lost his post and joined the Nazis.

I may add that the official orator of Göttingen, Dr. Kahrstedt, professor of

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ancient history, put the new conception of German scholarship in even blunter terms. In an address at Göttingen on German Empire Day, he urged that everyone should take this vow: 'We reject international science. We reject the international republic of learning. We reject research for its own sake. We teach and learn medicine, not to increase the number of known germs, but to keep the German people strong and healthy. We teach and learn history, not to say how things happened, but to instruct the German people from the past. We teach and learn science, not to discover abstract laws, but to sharpen the instrument of the German people in competition with other peoples. If the German universities make and keep this vow, then they will naturally be the first to be consulted in all cultural and spiritual questions.' This is the conception of learning that our universities have been asked to respect by joining in the celebrations at Göttingen, and that Oxford astonishingly has hesitated about refusing to honor.

The only British University to accept the invitation to Göttingen is little Durham. The United States, be it said to our shame, will probably have the largest foreign delegation at the celebration. Among those institutions promising to send representatives are: The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Haverford, Ohio State, Alabama, Wittenberg and Idaho, while Syracuse, Missouri, Kansas and several others tentatively accepted the invitation. Princeton, Yale, Columbia and Harvard explicitly declined and a number of institutions sent their 'regrets.'

Also from the *New Statesman and Nation* comes a poem by 'Sagittarius,' who acknowledges his indebtedness to George Canning's poem, *The University of Göttingen*, which was published more than a century ago:—

HEIL GÖTTINGEN!

Now the Third Reich has purged anew
these halls our foes were plotting in,
the learned world is bidden to
our Kulturfestspiel *at the U-*
-niversity of Göttingen.

While democrat and ape-like Jew
our penal camps are rotting in,
the Chairs of Totem and Tabu
take place of honor at the U-
-niversity of Göttingen.

Our plant of Nordic culture true
this nurs'ry we are potting in,
unique for its ensanguined hue,
which smells to heaven at the U-
-niversity of Göttingen.

Intoxicating Brocken-brew
this cauldron we are hotting in,
to rise to Nazi brains like glue
and stick our dogma to the U-
-niversity of Göttingen.

Ach! Groves of learning, fair to view,
with no non-Aryan squatting in,
where racial fetish reigns in lieu
of arts and science at the U-
-niversity of Göttingen-
-niversity of Göttingen!

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Making of a New American State

By M. J. Bonn

From the *Spectator*, London

The American Constitution dates from the days when power was considered evil and man's main duty was to protect himself and his fellow-citizens against the wickedness of governments.

Since democracy's advent to power the devil no longer lurks behind governments. They are run by Santa Claus, who is in the habit of presenting a slice of the income of one class to other politically more deserving citizen-voters. The assertion that the American Government has never interfered in this process of distribution of income is a myth. It has been the author of a system of protection, the object of which was to better the income of privileged classes and to isolate the American price-level and the American standard of living from the rest of the world. It endeavored to make silver-mining profitable in the interest of numerically small groups, and confiscated millions of slave property by a stroke of the pen. And in the 'noble experiment' of Prohibition it forced a kind of negative planning on an unwilling nation. In fact no civilized government has ever been more meddlesome or more violent in its intervention than the Government of the United States, though most of its planning was 'planless planning,' the result of log-rolling and lobbying rather than of research, and most of it was negative. The nation was so keen on the exploitation of Nature's marvelous resources that it frequently had to be checked, when mistakes due to the absence of moderation had to be corrected.

Even for these restricted purposes American Governments originally lacked the proper mechanism. The Jacksonian doctrine that a citizen elected by his fellow-citizens is equal to any government task has a sound basis in the handiness of Americans, which has made them a nation of marvelously efficient super-dilettanti.

Americans have long been aware of the need for a widening of State activities and for providing a mechanism to carry them out. Civil Service reform, the 'Wisconsin Idea,' and the noisy Progressivism of Theodore Roosevelt were milestones on the road to 'Making a State.' Just 25 years ago a slender novel, *Philip Dru, Administrator*, appeared anonymously. Its sub-title was 'A Story of Tomorrow, 1920–35.' It was dedicated to the 'unhappy many who have lived and died lacking opportunity because in the starting the world-wide social structure was wrongly begun.' It is the story of a young American officer who drifted into politics, organized the successful defense of the people against what we now would call Fascist capitalism and became dictator. During his seven years' rule he made a strong American State, which enforced justice, dominated the Member States, curbed the privileges of the rich, uplifted the poor and cleansed the economic system, which remained capitalist, from plutocracy and corruption. Having done his work, he voluntarily vanished from the scene. The author of the little book was Colonel Edward M. House, the inspirer of President Wilson and a close friend of President Roosevelt.

For the making of a strong American State, House looked to a political and military upheaval. President Roosevelt got his chance in the great depression. He knew that the collapse of agriculture was the chief cause of the world's crisis. And though he lent his ear temporarily to the money-wizards, who offered him age-old crude nostrums, adorned this time by trappings kindly provided by English

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monetary policy, he did not rely on them and tackled the structure, as well as the functions, of agrarian life. For the rural democracy in the United States was by no means safely established; the feudalism of the South had survived in primitive forms of tenantship and a new kind of capitalist feudalism was rising in the West. Drought and floods threatened it as well as debts; but the scarcity they caused resulted in higher prices, which crop-reduction might have failed to produce. Federal agencies fought Nature as well as markets.

Labor was becoming a definite group in the American social structure; it was no longer a mere transitory stage through which the average employe passed on his way to property. Security had to be sought in trade unionism and in insurance. The smug self-satisfaction which had branded the dole as 'Un-American' had given way to despair when private charity, municipalities and States could no longer cope with mass unemployment. The Federal Government stepped in and shouldered the responsibility; it checked the dissolution of society and planned its reorganization. Relief and public works on a gigantic scale were undertaken, for manual workers and white-collar employees, for emigrants and farmers; youth was enrolled in the Citizens Conservation Corps. The executive took the initiative everywhere. It made the plans, provided the cash, subsidized the States; for some time they almost fell to the level of provinces to which a central authority delegates tasks and allots means. The Federal executive controlled industry under N.R.A., agriculture under A.A.A., it fed the starving and built roads and dams, it saved homes and repaired houses. It financed banks and railways through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It became temporarily the center of the nation's life. It provided for social security by large-scale Old Age and Unemployment Insurance schemes, and for personal security by lending its strength for the suppression of crime. The American executive genius rose to stupendous heights when the Federal executive, with the help of State governments and municipalities, improvized a giant system for taking care of the millions of victims of the depression.

It had to forge its instruments whilst it was using them. For it had no adequate highly trained staff on whose planning and executive capacity it could rely. The new agencies had to be manned with outsiders, many of whom were recruited for personal fitness, though there was some political jobbing. Key positions were filled by younger business men, whom even their most virulent Republican opponents have never accused of graft. Never before were so many silly things done in such a marvelous way. The *New Deal* frequently became the *New Gamble*, for unknown and unknowable risks had to be run.

The decisions of the Supreme Court have undone a good deal; some Government activities will cease. But since the Federal Government is financing the States, it will maintain its elevated position; and Government agencies, Federal as well as State, will not relinquish their hold on economics. If business men are wise, control will be negative by way of checks; if they are foolish it will become positive and some of their functions will be taken over. As the widening of the sphere of the State cannot work without a strong Government mechanism, the President has presented a plan which will make his executive actions more effective. It raises some grave problems of overlapping of powers with the Cabinet and even with Congress. Constitutional issues may have to be faced, far-reaching amendments may have to be passed. But whatever the outcome, a new American State is being made which will function efficiently and will enable America to cope with the problems of the future. The United States is quickly gaining on the European nations, who until now have been far in advance of her.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

BACK TO THE CAVES

I have in front of me a document. It has been issued to every householder in Paris. 'Measures of protection against the effects of aërial bombardment,' is its title.

You first spread a layer of sand over the roof or the top floor. You then go down to the cellar (in French, the 'cave'). There you have draperies with which to cover apertures. You also have planks with which to shore up the sides and ceiling. And in the cellar you have a supply of drinking water (you have no doubt removed your wine to make room for it).

When the warning comes the Parisian will proceed to his shelter 'without haste but without delay,' a difficult distinction which may, I fear, lead to his scuttling like a rabbit.

No doubt such precautions are laudable. I have a more far-reaching plan.

The future of mankind will certainly be underground. Our ancestors lived in caves. Their sons have successively conquered the land, the sea and the air. To us belongs the final triumph of civilization: the return to the cave. We must rebuild our cities underground.

I can bring forward several specious arguments that may appeal to those who will have to carry this change through. Our modern industrial cities are mostly eyesores. Why not clear them away and leave the earth's surface free for our leisure time between raids? Parts of our cities are underground already: why not complete the process? The thing can be done.

There is also one argument that is not specious. If we want to live in safety and continue to allow air power to go uncontrolled we must live underground. There is no other way.

So back to the caves!

—*The Tribune*, London

JUST WHAT THEY WANT

I promise you (the Moors) when we have vanquished the Red enemy and achieved peace, there will be a greater cultural impetus between us. In Cordoba there will be a Chair of Arabic Studies where we shall offer you our books, our ancient sciences, so that your children may appreciate the greatness of our race.

—General Franco

FAIR EXCHANGE

A body of orthodox Hindus in Northern India has cabled a request that ox-roasting shall be no part of Britain's Coronation festivities. The Government, we understand, will reply that they will do their best to suppress the practice, if the orthodox Hindus of India will stop roasting the new Constitution.

—*Morning Post*, London

NAZI IDEAL

The *Tages-Zeitung*, official Nazi organ of Nuremberg, prints a striking 'Nazi Lesson' for its readers:—

'I traveled recently in the train. Next to me sat a woman with a baby in arms. The child was sickly and began to whimper. Across from us sat a "gentleman."

'He looked up from his paper only when the baby began to cry, and glared at both mother and child. When we got to the first station he took his bag and got into another compartment.

'I followed him and heard how he told others that he could not stand that baby's "yelling" any longer. I gave him a piece of my mind—told him he was no decent German. A real German is glad in the New Germany when plenty of babies are there to make a noise.

'Then he grew fresh, and so it happened that—to the applause of all present—I slapped his face and slapped it hard. And did I not do right? Heil, Hitler!'

The incident is published as the official newspaper's leading article, and entitled 'Our Opinion.'

MOVIES IN INDIA

India has 40 native moving picture studios, 37 'fan' magazines and 250 films made yearly, not counting many local newsreels.

Censorship is a complicated muddle. *The Private Life of Henry VIII* was banned for a time in Bengal because it 'militated against the traditional reverence of Indians for the reigning house in England'; but some of the wildest American sex subjects often slip through.

Perhaps we are missing a good deal by never seeing native productions from India.

A Bombay trade organ's advertisements have whetted my appetite. Who would not

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dash to see *Bambai-ki-Sethani*, a 'patterned subject of pathetic humor dealing with the life of two married bodies just on the point of variance?'

Or *Nigah-E-Nafrat*, with 'a galaxy of talented artists from the flower of Society?'

Even more noteworthy is Punjab-ka-Beta, 'the highest salaried horse in India. Will surprise you by his wonderful performances. He saves his master. He runs up the staircase. He jumps in water from a big height. He scares away hordes of his enemies.'

—P. L. Mannock in the *Daily Herald*, London

ALL GENIUSES ARE GERMAN

The German-Polish friendship is often clouded over by various little disagreements. Recently Poland decided to decorate her pavillion in the Paris Exposition with the busts of six Poles famed in the field of politics and science, among them the Polish astronomer Copernicus. The Nazi press retorted with very acid editorials in which they attempted to prove that Copernicus was a German and that, although he lived in the Polish town of Torun, he always was 'an ardent German patriot.'

'In the interests of the German-Polish rapprochement,' wrote the *Völkischer Beobachter* in a sinister mood, 'it is desirable that the bust of Copernicus should not appear in the Polish pavillion at the Paris Exposition.'

—*Izvestia*, Moscow

SOLEMN EASTER

The Spanish nationalist newspaper *Diario de Navarra*, of Pamplona, contained the following Easter editorial:—

'We advise those who expect to spend the Easter holiday in Saragossa to gather at noon in front of the statue to the Virgin of Pilar. In the course of the afternoon they should by all means witness the bull fight so that they may fittingly celebrate the Semaña Santa.'

'STRIP-TEASE' IN LONDON

To a mild accompaniment of hissing Diane Raye appeared in her 'strip-tease' act at the Victoria Palace last night. The whole turn lasted seven minutes—only four minutes of which was the strip-teaser on the stage. For this some of the audience of 1,500 had been queueing up since 10 a.m. yesterday morning.

In the stalls Mr. H. M. Tyrer, of the Public Morality Council, with which the Bishop of London is associated, watched the turn. 'It is not strip-tease as it is known in America,' was his comment. 'Representatives of my Council will watch every performance from now onward.'

—*News Chronicle*, London

BEASTS AND MEN

Just as there are man-eating lions and tigers and rogue elephants, so, also from time to time, human beings commit murders; but this is not in either case the nature of the beast. And, in this connection, it is interesting to note that in the United States eight thousand people are murdered every year. In India, with its much larger population, only some three thousand are killed by animals.

—Martin Stephens in the *Listener*, London

IL DUCE SPEAKS

On the Italian Labor Day Mussolini presented medals and pensions to a number of aged men and women. In the speech which he delivered on that occasion he said:—

'We have long had proof that Italians are the most intelligent people in the world, and now we know that they are the most courageous too, for they undauntedly resisted fifty-two nations.'

The Duce had a final surprise for the old people. 'Fascism,' he told them, 'is the régime of the workers.'

—*Daily Herald*, London

NOSES TO GRINDSTONES

In the next few days the Queen is likely to follow the example of Queen Mary by going out with her ladies into the Great Park to pick daffodils, which will afterwards be sent to the various hospitals.

Other members of the Royal Family have also been busy. Queen Mary lunched with the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street.

—*Observer*, London

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BOOKS ABROAD

Trader Crow

400 Million Customers. *By Carl Crow. London: Hamish Hamilton. 1937.*

(Freda Utley in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THIS is a most delightful and entertaining book. The author is an American who has run an advertising and merchandising agency in China for twenty years and has managed, obviously largely on account of his observant, philosophical, good-tempered and sympathetic approach, to give not only a very readable and amusing, but an original and penetrating account of the Chinese. His book should be invaluable to anyone wanting to do business in China, but it is much more than this. It is a humorous but extremely well-informed account of the social customs, morals, habits, prejudices, and philosophy of the Chinese people.

It is doubtful whether an Englishman could ever have written a book like this—certainly the type of Englishman who does business in Shanghai could never have attained to the same sympathetic understanding of his staff and customers. If there are many American business men in China like Mr. Crow it is easy to understand why Americans are more popular there than Englishmen. One enjoys the kind of incident in which the author takes superior white visitors to a Chinese village so that the dogs may bark at them, and they may realize that the smell of Nordics is intolerable to dogs unaccustomed to it, and so have their self-esteem 'brought down to reasonable proportions.'

The water buffalo is apparently yet more intolerant of the smell of even the most immaculate white man or woman, and during the Philippine insurrection a company of American soldiers was compelled to retreat when a herd of these animals decided to aid the Filipinos.

What English Shanghai business man could one find walking through a Chinese village accompanied by most of the child population and subsequently treating the lot to tea and cakes on his houseboat? Or inviting fifty rickshawmen to his office to smell, taste and judge the merits of the hundreds of cakes sent in for a raisin advertising competition?

There are sketches of all types and classes of men, from the abbot of a Buddhist monastery who could find reasons why men should be grateful to mosquitoes to the head beggar at Hankow who, when there was a flood which rendered thousands homeless, was indignant at the way in which the unorganized non-union beggars were playing havoc with his organization.

This reviewer particularly enjoyed the chapter called 'Miss China Discovers her Legs' in which the author tells of the aids to beauty and the natural beauties of Chinese women, whom he appears to find the most attractive in the world. When he tried to sell some imported rouge to an old Chinese firm he was told 'they had come to the conclusion we could offer nothing superior to the brands which were popular in Hangchow when Columbus found a Continent blocking his way on his route to China.'

The Chinese are most reluctant to change old brands for new, and the bright American export manager who thinks he will increase his sales by putting his goods in attractive new wrappings finds his market disappearing. It is difficult for the newcomer to sell anything, for business in China is usually only done between relatives, friends, or the friends of friends. Capital is so scarce that clever wholesalers frequently make fortunes by selling goods at cost price. They get credits for what is

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technically ninety days, but is frequently much longer, and themselves give credit for only a month or sell for cash. Since interest rates are so high that it is the general belief that 'anyone who has 10,000 dollars at his command must be either a fool or very unlucky if he does not make his fortune,' there is no mystery about how fortunes are made from profitless sales.

Would any manufacturer who knew little about China believe that, however excellent and cheap his sardines might be, they would not sell unless packed in heavy wooden cases? The explanation is simple. The salesmen in the shops are all 'apprentices' who live in and get no wages but are entitled to dispose of everything which comes into the shop except the stock. Wood is very dear in the interior of China, so the shop assistants naturally push the brand which arrives in good packing cases and leave any other to rot in an out-of-the-way corner. This is only one item in the mass of information this book gives concerning the use made of any and every kind of rubbish in so poor a country as China. There are so many human scavengers that there are no seagulls in Shanghai.

Mr. Crow loves the Chinese for their reasonableness and readiness to compromise and for what is really a medieval attitude to social problems. One may pay workers a starvation wage, but it is wrong to lock them out. The tax collector is open to argument if you can prove to him that more taxation will 'break your rice bowl.' When business is bad the cleverest employes should be dismissed since they will be able to get new jobs, whereas the stupid ones will not. He has a good laugh at the slick American salesman and what a mess of things he can make in the Chinese market, and he tells of his resentment at 'being sold' a hat in New York instead of 'buying' one as he wished to do.

However absurd some Chinese customs and prejudices may appear in Western eyes he is always able to point to something equally laughable in England or the U. S. A. He mentions the amount of their own and other people's time which American business men waste writing unnecessarily long, or totally unnecessary letters. Letter writing in American offices 'has become a major undertaking like writing for publication, and not a means to an end.'

The British manufacturer has a natural advantage in the Chinese market because of his conservatism and the Chinese dislike of change, but the Englishman is 'the world's most leisurely business man' and many Shanghai men with British agencies 'have suspiciously low golf handicaps.' Mr. Crow finds the Germans even more energetic than the Americans, whilst the Frenchman remains half asleep, having for so long relied on tariff walls in his own colonies.

There are chapters on Chinese food and on how poker terms were translated into Chinese. How many of us know that chop suey means beggar's hash and is not really a Chinese dish, and how many of us would recognize the Prime Minister under the designation King of England's No. 1 Boy?

[*Carl Crow's* 400 Million Customers *will be published in the United States by Harper and Brothers, New York.*]

International Anarchy

A History of Peaceful Change in the Modern World. *By C. R. M. F. Cruttwell. London: Oxford University Press. 1937.*

(Arnold Toynbee in the *Spectator*, London)

ONE of the strangest characteristics of Homo Sapiens is his way of dividing his world up into a number of separate compartments and living a double life on utterly different moral levels in this field and in that, when the dividing line between them is no more than an artificial and sometimes quite arbitrary convention. On one side of the flimsy partition-wall, man may be partaking of the com-

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munion of saints, while on the other side of the same lath-and-plaster screen he is still wallowing in the brutishness of the Stone Age. These violent contrasts are perpetually turning up in human history, and each time they leave us amazed at the spectacle of our members warring with one another without any apparent rhyme or reason. It is an old story—perhaps as old as human nature itself—yet there can hardly have been a more glaring example of it at any time in the past than is thrust upon our attention today by the quite extraordinary contrast in our own world between the national life of the citizens of any modern civilized State and the international relations of the same men and women with that majority of their fellow human beings who live on the other side of the frontiers.

In our national life, no one would now dream of denying that man is his brother's keeper, and we have gone quite a long way towards translating this article of faith into social practice in our municipal institutions. The internal economy of every civilized State is now governed by a system of peaceful change under the rule of law. The law, as it stands at a given moment, is effectively upheld against any attempts to break it by force; and at the same time this law is being continually revised by fresh legislation in order to keep it in harmony with the ever changing facts of life itself. This constant collaboration between the legislator and the policeman is what saves our national life from becoming a prey to lawless violence; and we take this social mechanism so much for granted that we seldom reflect upon what it does for us.

Yet we have only to put one foot across the conventional line called a frontier, and we are at once in a world where this civilized system of ordered change in a changing order is almost inoperative. Our international life—and we are all of us 'aliens' in every country save the single one of which we happen to be citizens—is still at the mercy of the *ultima ratio regum*, which is a euphemism for the anarchy of the jungle.

The contrast between this international anarchy and our national law and order has now become so extreme that we can hardly go on dividing our life between these two compartments much longer. If we cannot succeed in introducing our national combination of collective security and peaceful change into the international arena, then we cannot expect to save our rare oases of national civilization from being swallowed up in the international desert. Peaceful change as well as collective security is envisaged in the international field in the Covenant of the League of Nations. Yet Article 19 has hitherto been a dead letter; and its failure to come alive is one of the reasons why Articles 10 and 16 have broken down. What prospects are there that the principle of peaceful change will at length assert itself effectively in the domain of international affairs? The first step toward answering that question is to survey the cases in which the principle has been successfully applied to international problems in the recent past; and a survey of just this kind has now been made in a book, recently published, from the pen of a distinguished Oxford historian, Dr. Cruttwell.

THE plan of the book is an admirable combination of analysis and illustration. The author classifies the types of international change under headings: disputes about boundaries and sovereignty; cession; creation and extinction of sovereignty; popular consultations and plebiscites; changes of status. And he shows us what headway the method of peaceful change has made up to date in each of these fields by giving concise and clear accounts of the main historical examples that have occurred within the last hundred or hundred and fifty years. From time to time he pauses to sum up; and in this way he brings out the differences in the degree of success which the principle

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has met with in its application to these different sets of problems.

The disputes about boundaries and sovereignty mostly arise, in the nature of the case, in territories that are in process of being opened up; and such disputes are therefore likely, as Dr. Cruttwell points out, to become rarer in the future than they have been in the past few centuries. In this field there are some striking triumphs of peaceful change to record: for example, the settlement of the frontiers (including the Alaskan frontier) between the United States and Canada, and the more recent partition of Africa among the European Powers. This is perhaps a sphere in which peaceful change is relatively easy, because the territories over which the parties are in dispute have not yet come securely into the possession of any of them and therefore *a fortiori* cannot have acquired any very strong or stirring sentimental associations.

The cession of a territory which they already securely hold comes harder to the civilized (or ought we to say 'semi-civilized?') peoples of the modern world. But the thing has been done, and this sometimes on quite a large scale, as a matter of business. The United States bought Louisiana from Napoleon and Alaska from the Czar, and the British and German Governments traded Heligoland against Zanzibar; but both these cases were still colonial; and in national territories that are nearer the quick purchase is invidious and even exchanges are delicate (*e.g.*, the exchange of a strip of Bessarabia for the Dobruja, which Russia forced upon Roumania in 1876). Cessions of territory for no tangible consideration are rare indeed: the British cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece in 1864 is almost unique. Hardly less rare is the peaceful creation of new sovereignties, of which the shining example is Sweden's peaceful consent to Norway's denunciation of the union between the two countries in 1905. On the other hand, the peaceful extinction of old sovereignties has been rather more common; and this process played a capital part in the unification of Italy at a crucial moment in 1860—not to speak of the union of Scotland and England in 1707.

The modest size of Dr. Cruttwell's book is tangible evidence of the rarity of peaceful change of any of these kinds in the international arena up to date. Dare we hope that the principle will gain ground? If Man were a rational being, we might flatter ourselves that he would embrace this alternative to the method of international change through war, now that war has become annihilatingly destructive. But can Man ever be counted upon to do those things that are necessary for his salvation?

Schickele's Novel

Die Flaschenpost. *By René Schickele. Amsterdam: Verlag Allert de Lange. 1937.*

(Hermann Hesse in the *National-Zeitung*, Basel)

After a long period of silence Schickele gives his friends a sign of life for which they will be grateful. The meaning and beauty of his latest book are not immediately apparent because they are hidden behind Schickele's frolicsome mood. His novel is the confession of a man with too strong a personality and too strong a yearning for independence to be able to adjust himself to this age of uniformity. It is only logical that he should escape from this world into the isolation and freedom of a psychosis and finally into an insane asylum. How he happens to get there, and why, is told in a colorful, often delightful manner. Here and there he expresses himself in a very straightforward style in sentences like the following:—

'I am an anarchist. A scientific anarchist, you understand, and not a bomb-thrower. In the face of insistent persecutions, I have the tendency to be gay and to love women. To the anarchist they are the untamed element in society. Unfortunately I have forgotten how to deal with

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them. They must be dominated and my concept of life forbids that.'

'I am a friend of nature, and an optimist. I have believed in freedom and progress all my life, and I have always hated tyranny.'

'I consider the State as an organization of tyrants, large and small. One must destroy the State in order to make men.'

The value of this half melancholy and very poetic book lies not in such direct confessions, but in the interrelation of narrative and description, in the freely and tenderly painted images of men, landscapes and situations. Schickele is always a friend of nature and a connoisseur; a friend of good and pleasant things and an exponent of tender and cultivated sensuousness.

Eminent Victorians

The Amberley Papers. Two Volumes. *Edited by Bertrand and Patricia Russell. London: The Hogarth Press. 1937.*

(Edward Sackville West in the *London Mercury*)

IT MUST be a very long time since so varied, so full, so altogether important a document of nineteenth-century life as these letters and diaries of Lord and Lady Amberley was given to the public. The period covered is not very long (1854–74), yet these people live so rich a life and take an interest in so many things that one feels, at the end of 1,100 pages, that the thought and action of at least a century have passed under one's eyes.

The parentage and surroundings of both Lord and Lady Amberley were as distinguished as possible: much may be expected of the son of Lord John Russell and the daughter of the magnificent old Lady Stanley of Alderley. The latter, indeed, is the only breath of the eighteenth century which we receive in these pages—the type of mind which inherited the thought of Gibbon and of Montesquieu, as the following quotation from one of her letters shows: 'It seems to me that much might be gained by a solemn engagement among the nations of Europe that no nation should go to war within a year after declaring it—on pain of the armed enmity of all the others.'

She left it to her son-in-law to develop the Life of Reason according to the shape of his otherwise thoroughly nineteenth-century mind. It took its time to rise to that level. Amberley's early letters and diaries, written at Harrow under the influence of Dr. Vaughan and Dean Farrar's *Eric*, are admittedly sanctimonious and sentimental; but then, what man of sensibility is not both those things at that age? They are only the earliest form which intellectual integrity is apt to take: the beginnings of true seriousness, which will later on be leavened by irony and a sense of the comic.

But the true color of his mind soon saturated it. 'In Amberley,' writes his son, 'as in many Russells, the desire to study and philosophize fought with the inherited desire for power, and with the moral conviction—for it was no less—that he must do a Russell's duty to the State.'

This he proceeded to do. Unsuccessful at Leeds in 1865, he was returned to Parliament for Nottingham in the following year after an extremely riotous election that makes very amusing reading. After a visit to America in 1867, he again stood for South Devon, but was defeated on an issue that caused a terrific turmoil throughout the country—that of birth-control, of which Amberley was in favor, having previously brought the Dialectical Society (of which he was vice-president) into serious disrepute by devoting one of its sessions to the subject.

The ruffianly methods used to discredit him at the election, and the mud which was thrown at him for long afterwards prevented him from making any further serious efforts to enter Parliament, and he spent the rest of his short life in producing political and sociological articles and pamphlets which are distinguished

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by the clarity of their style and the advanced nature of their thought. Amberley was, in fact, the best kind of Liberal —praise which, in these violent times, does not carry the weight it should.

The story of his private life, of his married happiness, is a particularly pleasing one, for it presents a picture of such perfect concord as is only possible between two people of real nobility of character. Kate Stanley is a most charming addition to the Victorian portrait gallery. Being a woman, she had a special talent for letter writing (far the greater proportion of letters and journals in these volumes are hers), and it is not too much to describe the early letters, in particular, as deliciously amusing, for they give an absolutely matchless picture of town and country life as it was lived by the aristocracy in mid-Victorian days. Perfectly unself-conscious, these letters sparkle with intelligence, gaiety and a profound goodness of heart.

The same qualities continued to inform the later passages of her life, after marriage, and the whole correspondence serves to show that these people were both broader-minded and franker of speech than is generally imagined.

Intelligence and cleverness have never been denied to the Victorians; but it does not do to over-paint the picture, even in the interests of justice, and the folly of medical men in those days is sharply exemplified more than once in the course of the book. And even the champion of woman's rights, which Lady Amberley was, found it necessary to dismiss a housemaid who was going to have an illegitimate baby.

The story clouds over in 1873 with the epilepsy of Amberley, the fiendishness of the eldest child, Frank (the late Lord Russell); and the end of the book is a tragedy, and a stupid one, for with proper precautions neither Lady Amberley nor her daughter need have died of diphtheria.

The canvas is a much more crowded one than I have here had space to indicate: all sorts of well-known people spring in and out of these letters and diaries, and always (how rare this is!) in some way that casts a new light on them for us. J. S. Mill, Jowett ('a tease' if ever there was one!), Emerson (like Gladstone to look at), Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the appalling Sir Richard Burton (he appears as a mesmerist), and above all Carlyle, aging and odious, punctuating the lives of these two at regular intervals with the violently petulant, Fascist rubbish he was accustomed to talk at the end of his life. T. J. Cobden Sanderson contributes the one touch of poetry—a breath of Bohemia and touching poverty—of a different kind of dissatisfaction from any the Russells or the Stanleys could ever have known.

Lord and Lady Russell have done their work extremely well, contenting themselves with a few words of comment and explanation where these appeared necessary. Otherwise they have left the letters and diaries to tell their own story. It might perhaps be felt that a little too much material is included in some places: one is occasionally conscious of wading. But only very occasionally; and how worth while it is to persist throughout these two big volumes I hope I have indicated here.

[The Amberley Papers *by Bertrand and Patricia Russell have just been published in the United States by W. W. Norton & Co., New York.*]

A Novel of Tyranny

PROZESS OHNE RICHTER. *By Bernhard von Brentano. Amsterdam: Querido Verlag. 1937.*

(Alfred Döblin in the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris)

THAT there are trials without judges, that there is no mercy under a dictatorship, is the theme of Bernhard von Brentano's latest book. The author calls his work a novel. This is hardly accurate, for his story is not drawn against a complete background. Yet the clean, clearly-

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drawn narrative loses nothing by this incorrect designation.

The story is set in a university city. The male characters bear names from Molière's *Misanthrope;* the chief figure is called Klitander, two others, Alcest and Oront. These characters live in a country that has been ruled for some time by an authoritarian government; nobody dares speak out, lest he be betrayed or misunderstood. Even the faculty members distrust each other; everyone is anxious over careless remarks.

Klitander, a professor of mathematics, has become an almost pathological case. The fact that he holds himself strictly aloof from politics makes things all the more difficult. And now the action begins. The government is eager to put over one of its minor *coups*. A 'purge' is to take place in the local high school. Its intention is to get rid of certain 'unreliable' teachers by fair means or foul. The two professors chosen to carry out the commission are Klitander and Alcest. Alcest has an inkling of what is to come. He remembers his hernia and arranges to have an operation performed during the week in question—he prefers to be cut up by the surgeon's knife than to fall into the trap. Oront is substituted for him. But Klitander, usually full of suspicion and distrust, does not heed his associate's warning. He even regards his friend as a stool pigeon.

Klitander appears on the given day and the examination begins in the presence of police officials. Klitander writes his report, in which he gives satisfactory ratings to the teachers. The other professor, Oront, happens upon the officials in the hall. They reveal their wishes to him; he senses the danger and rewrites his report accordingly, condemning the 'unreliable' teachers. The officials get what they desire.

Klitander is by no means a hero. He has put down his actual findings, the fool—as if the truth mattered. He is finished. We witness his long drawn-out slaughter. His lectures are held before empty benches, his colleagues and friends avoid him; his wife is thrown out of the house of his closest friend, newspaper articles attack him. All this serves to make the already eccentric man increasingly queer. He delivers long speeches to an imaginary jury in his study. He no longer leaves his apartment. Finally the police call for him and take him to a concentration camp.

Had we had any influence upon the author we should have made him leave the professor in the camp. But the author cannot tear himself away from his hero; he takes his little private revenge. The professor's wife gets work in a laundry together with her former maid. One day she happens upon the laundry of the former friend who had thrown her out. She takes the bundle, and kills the woman!

Up to this point the story has been developed clearly and soberly; but now we suddenly find ourselves confronted by two corpses, for the professor has drowned himself upon hearing of his wife's deed. Yet despite this piling on of tragedy the story has so many merits that we are even disposed to be lenient about the corpses.

Apart from the forced ending the plot is clearly and logically constructed; it is presented in a matter-of-fact manner without pretense and its gray and dreadful pathos is particularly effective. The frightful realism of the authoritarian world is mirrored in a drop of water.

The country is not designated, and the reason is obvious. The conflict takes place within a narrow framework; the story deals with principles only and not with local color or with the larger aspects of politics. The moral is clear to all but those who are beyond help. The characters must be clear and distinct and above all true; and true they are, except the hapless professor's wife. The atmosphere of everyday tension, the indescribable pressure, the hypocrisy, the terrible fear on which the persecution mania feeds—these are powerfully drawn. Here is the torture-chamber of despotism in which morals and souls are destroyed.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

DESERT ENCOUNTER. *By Knud Holmboe. Translated from the Danish by Helga Holbek. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. 266 pages. $3.00.*

I VISIT THE SOVIETS. *By E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1937. 344 pages. $2.50.*

DUSK OF EMPIRE. *By Wythe Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. 325 pages. $3.75.*

FROM two of these reportorial volumes may be derived the very considerable pleasure of reëxamining in new perspectives terrains that already have been diligently explored. In *Desert Encounter*, however, we have a remarkable narrative of one of the earth's unvisited regions, of an epic struggle now in progress of which the world hears nothing, a struggle ruthless, barbaric and illustrative of the belief that the art of governing stands about where it did 1937 years ago. The Italian colonization of Ethiopia has been abundantly discussed in recent months. Almost forgotten is the war that Italy has waged unremittingly in Libya since 1912. And in this colony the late Knud Holmboe found modern Romans building gorgeous palaces and subjecting a liberty-loving people to servitude and the sword exactly as the proconsuls of ancient Rome did in the years before Europe began to call itself Christian.

It is significant that Holmboe had no political thesis when he first undertook to drive across Northern Africa from Morocco to Egypt in an aging and temperamental car. His aim was religious, for he had embraced Islam and at the age of twenty-eight was undertaking a pilgrimage to Mecca. His resentment against Fascist rule developed slowly amid a series of intensely exciting adventures in the desert sands; and simply, dispassionately, without rage or declamation, he recorded the facts as he saw them.

His trip began quietly. In Spanish Morocco and Algeria he observed Arab ways, discussed Moslem philosophy with the Bedouins, and acquired two companions—a 12-year-old Arab boy and a curious American wanderer, named *—mirabile dictu!*—Roscoe D. Tarbox. His encounters with European officials were inconsequential. Then at the frontier of Tripoli a French sergeant warned him of what lay ahead: 'The Italians on the other side shoot immediately if anything suspicious happens.' He saw no active warfare in Tripoli but many reminders of what had gone before—wells blocked with concrete, an ingenious strategy that brought death to cattle and flocks and left the nomadic desert tribes the alternatives of surrender or annihilation by thirst.

In Cyrenaica, however, the fighting still raged. There the governor was General Graziani, now Viceroy of Ethiopia. 'He gives no quarter. All prisoners are hanged or shot, and if the civilian population shows even the slightest sign of sympathy with the rebels, as they are called, they too are punished.' One Arab told the author, 'I think the Italians want to destroy us utterly.' Those who did not resist were placed in vast concentration camps, covered night and day by machine guns; there they slowly starved on insufficient rations of tinned goods; there too they fell a prey to the angry combatant Bedouins who in nocturnal forays visited their wrath upon them for their faithlessness in yielding to the infidel. Those suspected of communicating with free tribes in the hills were summarily hanged. Those convicted of lesser offenses were sentenced to years of mining in the great salt lakes where the brine gradually ate the flesh from their bones.

'It is certainly true,' Holmboe wrote, 'that the Italians tried to subjugate the million people of Cyrenaica by brute force. During the time I was in Cyrenaica thirty executions took place daily. The land swam in blood.' And what was the Italian defense? A colonel in the imperial army told Holmboe aggrievedly that 'Here we have to kill almost the whole population before they understand that we are the stronger.' And the commissioner at Derna added: 'Has such a gang of dirty creatures the right to live when they are depriving a young active nation of all the essential conditions of life?'

Throughout Italian Africa Holmboe was regarded with suspicion by the Fascist conquerors. At last he was arrested and deported in a prison ship that for filth and overcrowding must have rivaled the galleys of the ancient world. And thus ended a journey which quite

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apart from its insight into the colonial policies of a modern empire furnished the substance for an enthralling narrative of pure adventure. Holmboe was lost in the desert for ten days. He was captured by Bedouins. A year after the completion of this book he was slain by brigands in Arabia. The Cambridge lecturer who contributed a foreword to the volume wrote: 'In Holmboe we have lost a potential T. E. Lawrence.' Certainly the young Dane lacked Lawrence's imagination and powers of imagery. But he possessed the same fine indignation and courage. Had he lived he might have returned to Libya with unpredictable results.

In Miss Delafield's brief volume we trace once again the prescribed tourist route from Leningrad to Odessa, brightened on this occasion by the author's nicely adjusted lenses of criticism and good humor. She was sent to Russia rather unwillingly by her American publisher with instructions to write 'a funny book.' The assignment apparently weighed a little heavily on her shoulders for there came times when her well-known amiability was strained. However, where unable to laugh, she smiled, and the result was this pleasant travelogue which ignores ideology and concerns itself with food, trams, bedding, plumbing, schools, customs officials and—most entertainingly of all—the author's own fellow travelers. In only two chapters does one find new material—in the general exploratory sense. In the first quarter of the book Miss Delafield describes her stay on a collective farm. She was granted this supposedly forbidden privilege unexpectedly after almost all official sources had said 'No.' She found the farm well-tended, the meals fast, privacy non-existent and life secure but maddeningly dull. 'Of the people there,' she wrote, 'I can only say from my limited experience that they were kind, friendly and very hard-working.' Miss Delafield's other 'special investigation' was an independent survey of the domestic pet situation. Her conclusions were: hardly any cats, mostly dogs on farms, a few birds in incredible cramped cages. The rest of the book is notable for its entertainment quotient rather than for any virtues as a repository of facts—and that is certainly as Miss Delafield designed it.

Mr. Williams, latest of the correspondents to bind his remembrances of fluid history between the covers of a book, shows us among other things that the dark stone of the World War has many surfaces yet to be polished. His account of what lay behind the 1917 shift in the French high command proves absorbing reading and sounds authentic. Equally interesting are his sketches of Clemenceau, Briand, Stresemann and Wilson at Versailles. But the most thrilling, possibly the best-written passage in the book is his account of a hazardous journey under bombardment to an isolated outpost at Verdun in November 1916—reprinted exactly as he filed it to the *New York Times* on his return to safety. In the latter half of the volume Mr. Williams unfortunately leaves his brighter vein of autobiography and anecdote and essays the rôle of interpretative historian. Here he is not so effective. His sections on the League, the naval conferences, propaganda, and his final chapter of apocalyptic utterances spread over many pages of rambling, not too convincing disquisition. It is in the recreation of scenes and events rather than in analysis and prophecy that the merits of Mr. Williams's book largely repose.

—Lincoln Barnett

THREE COMRADES. *By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated from German by A. W. Wheen. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1937. 480 pages. $2.75.*

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S third novel rounds out the trilogy: *All Quiet on the Western Front*, the novel of the trenches; *The Road Back*, the novel of the return home; and now *Three Comrades*, a novel of Germany in 1928, ten years after the technical ending of the war; in which Remarque's generation was asking at night with a liquor bolstering 'What the hell?' and answering it next morning with a dragtail, yet bitter, acceptance of cheap nationalism, class friction and industrial stupidity.

Three young Germans—Otto, Robert and Gottfried—run a garage. It is their meeting place, their way of earning a living, and their opiate; in the day it helps them forget; at night they drink. Then Robert meets a girl, Pat. He loves her and they live with each other. The other friends accept her as a fourth; intellectually and spiritually she is worthy.

In *Three Comrades* there is none of the swift action of *All Quiet;* there is little action at all. These friends have no time for rushing about in different colored shirts, playing at being important; they are far too busy sitting quietly and trying to disentangle the confusion, the

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bewilderment, which from inside stalks and frightens each of them and huddles them together in search of some kind of easement.

But though an answer to their bewilderment is their wish, the paying of their bills is a necessity; and when the garage fails, Robert returns to playing the piano in a suave honky-tonk. The others go their way, making the best they can of it. Finally Gottfried is accidentally shot. And Robert is at least spiritually liquidated as he stands over Pat and watches her die of tuberculosis.

Other men have written this same story. Dozens of the war generation have told of the draining by the years and the emptiness that finally engulfs. Mr. Remarque's *Three Comrades* is, one is sorry to say, only another of these books, only another in the series; it is fine, sensitive, shrewd, unswerving, but it merely continues the telling of what is already a tradition and it adds nothing to that tradition.

—James Saxon Childers

Chile: Land and Society. *By G. M. McBride. New York: American Geographical Society. 1936. 408 pages. $4.00.*

The Ejido. *By Eyler N. Simpson. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1937. 850 pages. $5.00.*

HERE are two books to which it is practically a duty to point with pride. They deal with a matter which in Latin America underlies revolutions, dictatorships and the other phases of politics' passing show. Instead of the flip, fly-by-night impressions of tourists and travelers—a type of writing from which the Southern Republics have suffered all too much—they present the seasoned conclusions of mature students, who have not hurried to put their findings into print. *Chile: Land and Society* is the fruit of two extended periods of residence in South America's west-coast republic. The book comes from an author whose earlier work on the *Land Systems of Mexico* has long been a classic. Into *The Ejido: Mexico's Way Out* Dr. Simpson has put the findings of eight years of observation and research in Mexico. McBride writes as a human geographer, Simpson as a sociologist.

Only one who has wrestled at first hand with the difficulties of social and economic research in Latin America can fully appreciate the care and skill with which these two jobs have been carried through. Both books are scholarly without being abstruse. Work which is satisfyingly solid is presented in lucid and readable style. The reader is helped also by illustrative case studies, which in one case picture the different types of Chilean *haciendas*, and in the other present a series of Mexican village communities, whose experience reflects the varying degrees of success and failure in the application of agrarian reform. Dr. Simpson's book runs to 850 pages, including approximately 160 which are given to statistical tables and an invaluable check list of agrarian laws. But his treatment is exhaustive, without being exhausting. For one reason, he discusses economics in a language which is colloquial and salty with the idioms of the sidewalk.

McBride analyzes what the *hacienda*—or large landed estate—has done to Chile. Simpson's emphasis is on Mexico's struggle to displace the *hacienda* by the *ejido*, the village communal holding. In the central third of Chile's shoe-string length, where the good agricultural land is largely concentrated, 89 per cent of the farm land in 1925 was held by some 5,000 estates. This *hacienda* system has created a society marked by sharp social stratification —master and man, *hacendado* and *inquilino*. An individual's relation to the landholding system has determined his economic position, occupation, social status and political opportunity. The State has been since Independence 'a government of the *hacendados*, by the *hacendados*, for the *hacendados*.'

McBride concludes that the *hacienda* has outlived its purpose. The system of large holdings prevents the most efficient use of land, retards economic development, impedes social and political progress, and by its economic inequalities 'makes real democracy impossible.' He voices the optimistic belief that the breaking up of the *haciendas* can be carried through without actual expropriation, although 'the threat of its use may be necessary.' But experience to date affords scant foundation for his faith. Up to May, 1934, plots had been provided for only 8,000 persons, while it was estimated that at least half a million small holdings would be necessary to solve the problem. If conservative opposition blocks a program of orderly and gradual change, McBride argues that social revolution will be inevitable.

Mexico has moved faster and farther than Chile. Consequently Simpson is in position to discuss not only the need of agrarian reform,

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but the results of its application in practice. Although his study centers on a specific problem, his is no narrow approach. The book is particularly valuable for its many-angled, almost encyclopedic scope. He carefully works in a comprehensive background—historical, economic, ethnological, cultural. Along with a full account of the legal and practical development of the reform goes an illuminating discussion of the relation of agricultural credit, rural education and Mexico's devious politics to the program of land distribution.

Simpson carries the story to June, 1934. He makes clear that in the twenty years since Carranza's agrarian decree of 1915, Mexico has made only a beginning at this fundamental task. Under the *ejido* laws up to the end of 1933, some 4,000 rural communities including 750,000 cultivators had been given holdings. But some 2,500,000 agricultural laborers still remain without land, or more than three times the number of those already supplied. Moreover, Mexico continues substantially to be a land of *haciendas*. In 1930 farms in that class held more than four-fifths of all the land in privately-owned farms.

For the slow tempo of the land program, American pressure represents one important factor. A final evaluation of Dwight Morrow's rôle in Mexico, Simpson suggests, may find that the friendly Ambassador was largely influential in 'putting the brakes on the only real reform movement in the history of the country.' But Mexico's leaders were also to blame. They have been unable to choose between France and Russia as their goal. They have wobbled between the creation of a nation of small farmers and a genuine communal system.

The Calles-Cárdenas struggle turned partly on this issue. Cárdenas won and the trend toward a communal system has been markedly accentuated. Simpson believes that Mexico can work out permanent salvation only along this line. Without blinking the difficulties in the way, he plumps for the thesis that the final goal for Mexico's agrarian reform must be 'nothing less than the complete socialization of the nation's lands and waters.' This would mean that agricultural land would be 'held collectively and be exploited coöperatively by agrarian communities.' Simpson possibly does not submit his thesis to as rigid criticism as his own material would make possible. But refusing the more comfortable refuge of the tentative, qualified 'either-or' position, he challenges thought by a positive case. Years of study have not dulled his imagination and he has dared to crown the laboriously constructed pyramid of his researches with an ideal structure, which embodies the dreams and hopes of that long crusade called by Mexicans 'The Revolution.'

—Charles A. Thomson

Spanish Prelude. *By Jenny Ballou. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. 306 pages. $2.50.*

Spain in Arms, 1937. *By Anna Louise Strong. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1937. 85 pages. $1.00.*

SPANISH PRELUDE portrays a segment of life in Spain during the last years of the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. The characters are more than well-drawn: they are brilliantly revived. That such futile, tiresome people can be made to hold the readers' attention to the end of the book is no mean accomplishment. There were, and still are, many such people in Spain—the pseudo-intellectuals—and their habit of talking while the country fell apart around them is well brought out.

If this is what the author intended to convey, she has succeeded admirably, but this reader, who lived in Spain during all the years she describes, looked in vain for any indication that Miss Ballou had the slightest perception of the forces at work about her, or any glimmer of understanding as to what it was all about. If she means that the blindness and stupidity of the people she describes (and even seems to admire) were largely responsible for bringing about the catastrophe which befell Spain, she has done a masterful job. But she gives no indication that she understands this herself.

One chapter entitled 'Barcelona-Madrid Express' is a superb piece of narrative writing. The book is in fact a stringing together of just such narratives, each excellent in itself, but as a whole without point, and so getting nowhere.

Miss Strong's book tells the story of her visit to Spain late in 1936 and early in 1937. She was actually at the front and her talks with the men and officers on active duty are told in their words. The author evidently knew little of Spain prior to the visit. Her

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efforts to understand the situation have resulted in a brief but clarifying account of the strength of Loyalist Spain in the present crisis.

—JUSTINE WHITFIELD DIFFIE

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE? *By Maurice Baring. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. 330 pages. $2.75.*

PASSENGERS waiting for a customs inspector frequently while away the time by watching their fellow-sufferers submit to the ordeal of examination. But usually they are less interested in the contents of the luggage than in the success of the travelers' attempts to undervalue their possessions, at the same time impressing upon the inspector their honesty and sincerity.

So it is with much of our intellectual luggage. The emphasis in education today stresses rather the practical value of having read certain well-known books than the enrichment or the pleasure of the mind. Indeed, the remark made by Henry Adams's classmate well over half a century ago might be heard today: 'A Harvard degree is worth money to me in Chicago.'

Mr. Baring's 'literary baggage' is worth neither money nor a Ph.D. degree, but a perusal of it contains rewards rare in a busy world. '*Have You Anything to Declare?*,' Mr. Baring tells us in his Preface, 'is not meant for the scholars nor the learned, but for those who, like myself, although they have only a smattering of letters, are fond of books and reading.' We need not question the understatement in Mr. Baring's self-description. The author of a number of distinguished novels, as well as of a beautiful and moving biography of Mary, Queen of Scots, conversant with French, German, Spanish, Italian and Russian, though claiming only 'small Latin and less Greek,' his mind is inevitably far richer in treasure than that of the average reader.

In this hospitable opening of his baggage, permitting the reader to finger the contents at will, he has been both generous and illuminating. The notes and quotations in this book are arranged at random. It is not intended as an anthology. Frequently he interrupts the order of his notes with some recollection or interpretation that occurs to him. And the reader, as he skims or reads these quotations from the prose and poetry of many lands and many times, stops too, remembers thoughts and words he has long forgotten, or is stimulated perhaps by the discovery of unfamiliar passages into a desire to start a note-book of his own.

—MINA CURTISS

SON OF HAN. *By Richard Lapiere. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1937. 314 pages. $2.50.*

THIS soft-spoken, effeminate novel of a China that vanished with the Manchus weaves a delicate tracery of sweet-sad emotions and wears an air of remoteness in keeping with its theme. The House of Han was a typical middle-class family, living in the Province of Yunnan, far to the southwest, during the early nineteenth century. Its men were scholars, eager to pass the difficult Confucian examinations that meant coveted appointment to the mandarin officialdom. Its women wanted children and shouldered their way aggressively between the men and their books. For two generations, the men of Han had failed to go beyond the first examination and when Han, the grandson, was born, they resolved to protect him from the marital schemes of the women. But the life of the third Han followed the pattern of his predecessors. He failed the second examination once because he daydreamed overlong of a girl he loved, a second time because a friend's need called him away, a third time because the Matriarch Han forced him into an unwelcome marriage. And when the third Han learned that a son had been born to him he resolved to protect him from the distractions of women and their ritual. But we know, the author knows and probably the third Han knew too that the fate of the men of Han will be visited upon the fourth of the line.

These successive frustrations are touchingly delineated. The third Han introspects endlessly upon the sad ways of life and struggles feebly against them. In truth, Mr. Lapiere reverses the sexes. His men are more womanly than his women. Their scholarly preoccupations unfit them for the harsh realities and are in the end the agents of their undoing.

The reader will remember the style of this novel long after its story has faded. Our young author does his best work watching the sun rise and set over the little Han village of Ta Yang. He follows the slant of its rays with an unblinking eye. He embodies it in a style that is full of sensuous language and an unsullied purity.

—LEO GURKO

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

FOR well or ill the Pittman and McReynolds Neutrality Resolutions have become law and Congress is now concerned with proposals implementing, or corollary to, the neutrality legislations. The various peace groups have likewise transferred their activity to new objectives—the drastic modification of the Sheppard-Hill War Profits Bill and the curbing of militarism and growing armaments expenditures in the United States.

Many of the organizations represented in the National Peace Conference (8 West 40th Street, New York City) have urged their members and sympathizers to bring pressure to bear upon Senators and Congressmen in order that the Sheppard-Hill Bill shall be either greatly altered or defeated. Pressure by organizations and individuals on the Military Affairs Committees of the Senate and House have resulted in considerable alterations in the Bill before the House. The only change made by the Senate Committee, however, was to make the provisions applicable only in time of war instead of in both war and emergency situations.

The peace organizations are by no means satisfied with the changes that have been made. In its *Washington Information Letter*, the National Council for Prevention of War (532 17th Street, Washington, D. C.) gives the following warning: 'The recent changes in the bill make it more difficult to defeat, but still it is dangerous. In its present form the House bill will not take the profits out of war. It provides that the Secretary of the Treasury, in time of war, shall recommend to Congress the proper tax legislation to keep down profits. This same policy was followed in the World War period and there is no record that profits were in any appreciable measure held in check. When war comes taxes are regulated to meet the needs of the war, not to depress profits.'

Many of the organizations are now pressing for legislation requiring a referendum before the United States engages in a foreign war, for an embargo on the trade in war materials in time of peace, and are urging their members to instruct their representatives at Washington to support the Nye-Kvale Bill prohibiting compulsory military training in civil educational institutions.

THE Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City) has published a new Headline Book, *Billions for Defense*, by William T. Stone and Mrs. Ryllis A. Goslin. The growing tempo of rearming, the relative strength of the Powers on land, sea and in the air and the 'defense' bills of the various nations are presented by means of the pictorial charts and economical explanations that are characteristic of the Headline series.

SEVERAL organizations are providing relief for refugees and destitute victims of the Spanish Civil War. The largest is the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy (381 Fourth Avenue, New York City). With it are affiliated the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy (at the same address), and the American Friends of Spanish Democracy (70 Fifth Avenue, New York City). These groups have sent food, clothing, and medical supplies to Spain, valued at over $300,000. A large number of doctors, nurses, ambulances and ambulance drivers have been sent abroad and four base hospitals and one mobile unit have been equipped. The American Committee for Spanish Relief (Vanderbilt Hotel, New York City) is raising funds for relief work in Insurgent territory. The American Friends Service Committee (20 South Street, Philadelphia), a Quaker organization, raises funds for non-partisan relief in Spain.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

visit to the unmapped but heavily guarded village of Zeesen, where the stations are located. [p. 316]

FROM time to time we provide our readers with examples of Nazi propaganda that was intended for home consumption. We have translated for this issue an article in which the notorious *Stürmer* 'proves,' to its own satisfaction, that 'Christ Was an Aryan!' Need we warn that all statements appearing in the article should be adjudged false until thoroughly investigated? Or need we add that, as Americans, we should condemn Nazi anti-Semitism in a spirit of humility? After all, not so many years have passed since we had our own *Stürmer*, the *Dearborn Independent*—or since the Ku Klux Klan applied tar and feathers to Jews simply because they were Jews. [p. 318]

THIS month's short-story, 'The Pilot's Idea,' is intended for readers who have been seasoned by contact with the realistic craftsmanship of Hemingway and Caldwell. Its author, Jacques E. Marcuse, who was born in 1911, is a poet, playwright and short story writer of unusual promise and we are confident that his will become a prominent name in French literature. He can be added to the long list of brilliant young foreign writers who have been first 'discovered' for the American public by THE LIVING AGE during the past ninety-three years. [p. 332]

BOTH our articles on Japan are interpretations of the Japanese mind. In the first, 'Training for Death,' Willard Price accounts for the awesome eagerness of the Japanese soldier to die for his Emperor. [p. 339]. Wilbur Burton, another correspondent, in 'The Mind of Japan,' discusses interesting characteristics of the Nipponese and provides some examples of their humor. [p. 341]

HENRI HAUSER, a noted French economic historian, describes the not always scrupulous struggle for influence among 'Brazil's Foreign Suitors.' According to M. Hauser, one of the greatest commodities which Germany and Italy are now exporting to the Brazilian market is propaganda. [p. 345]

UNDER the title of 'Belligerent Creatures,' we reprint accounts of two of nature's keenest fighters. There is first the game cock, who is certain he can whip his weight in game cocks any day, together with some details about his breeding and the survival of illegal 'mains,' or cock-fights, in England [p. 350]; and second, the militant bee of India's tea-growing region, with whom our readers will be quite satisfied to become acquainted by proxy. [p. 352]

OUR monthly gallery of 'Persons' includes portraits of Premier Kalman Daranyi of Hungary, who has abandoned the Fascist course of Gömbös [p. 322]; Carl von Ossietzky, the last Nobel Peace Prize winner, who has literally wasted away in Nazi concentration camps since February, 1933, and whose prize money is still being held by the Nazi authorities [p. 324]; Major, or General (Peruvian style) Wilhelm Faupel, German soldier of fortune, now German Ambassador to Insurgent Spain and military adviser to Franco [p. 327]; and last, one Ali Naggar, Fakir of Ipi, self-styled 'Savior of Islam,' who is giving the British a severe headache by leading a revolt of the well-armed, sharp-shooting mountaineers on India's Northwest Frontier. [p. 330]

WHAT historical significance is attached to the date June 30th? We believe our readers will instantly think of the Nazi 'blood-bath' of 1934. Apparently in an attempt to keep the date from being remembered as Germany's Sicilian Vespers the Nazis are staging university anniversaries on June 30 — last year at

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Heidelberg, this year at Göttingen, next year perhaps at Bonn or Freiburg. Comments on the Göttingen Anniversary and on Nazi Germany's treatment of scholars will be found in our department of 'Letters and the Arts.' [p. 356]

ARE we a nation of 'super-dilettanti,' as Dr. Mauritz J. Bonn calls us in his article on 'Making a New American State?' Dr. Bonn, to whom we devote our department, 'As Others See Us,' is no one-visit commentator on this country. He knows it well and has written two books about it: *The American Adventure* and *The Crisis of Capitalism in America*. His sketch of the course and prospects of the New Deal is remarkable at once for its compression, its penetration and its essential fairness. Despite the rapid tempo of his narrative, Dr. Bonn finds time to discover and describe a skeleton in the closet of venerable Colonel House. [p. 358]

REVIEWERS of 'Books Abroad' this month are Freda Utley, an expert on the Far East whose book, *Japan's Feet of Clay*, appeared recently; Arnold Toynbee, eminent British historian and one of the authors of the annual *Survey of International Affairs;* Hermann Hesse, one of the most prominent, eccentric and romantic of German writers; Edward Sackville West, British writer and reviewer; and Alfred Döblin, the German Dos Passos, author of *Alexanderplatz, Berlin*.

OUR own book reviewers this month are James Saxon Childers, Professor of English at Birmingham Southern College, literary editor of the *Birmingham News*, and well known author; Lincoln Barnett, of the *Herald Tribune* staff; Charles A. Thomson, Latin American expert of the Foreign Policy Association; Justine Whitfield Diffie, co-author of *Puerto Rico, a Broken Pledge;* Mina Curtiss, author of *In the Midst of Life;* and Leo Gurko, free-lance writer and reviewer.

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